

# THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT, AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. No. 19.

J. J. BURKE.  
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning Jan. 8, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR  
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

## WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.  
No. 5, 5:07 P. M.  
No. 7, 10:10 A. M.  
No. 9, 7:10 P. M.  
No. 1, 12:30 A. M.  
GOING SOUTH.  
No. 2, 5:05 A. M.  
No. 4, 11:35 A. M.  
No. 6, 8:47 P. M.  
No. 10, 7:35 A. M.  
TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.  
Reference made to stop on signal.  
During the Summer Season, all of the above  
trains, run daily between Chicago and Wauke-  
sha, except the Milk train, Nos. 8 and 10.  
W. F. ZICKLER, Agt

**PHOTOGRAPHS,**  
FIRST-CLASS CABINETS  
**\$2. PER DOZEN.**  
BY NEW PROCESS, CALL ON  
**HATCH & WHITE,**  
ANTIOCH, ILL.  
OPEN SATURDAYS.

## Antioch Home News.

Soon will the "tax-man"  
Start out for the "land",  
And the wail of the taxed one  
Be heard in our land.

Alex Gonyo, of Lake Villa, was a  
caller on Monday last.

The revival meetings at the M. E.  
church are being quite largely at-  
tended.

Geo. Grice and family, of Wauke-  
gan, were here on Saturday and  
Sunday last.

Master S. B. Russell has been  
quite sick for some time past but is  
now some better.

The active youngster, 1891, an-  
nounced his advent in rather a  
blustering manner.

Our farmers who are fortunate  
enough to have an ice house, are lay-  
ing in a fairly good stock of ice.

The Antioch News and the Chi-  
cago weekly Inter Ocean or Journal  
to new subscribers, one year for  
\$1.80.

Fields & Briggs recently trans-  
ferred the title to two of their lots  
in this village to H. Doolittle. Con-  
sideration \$400.

The gas was turned on in Wil-  
liams Bros. new store on New  
Years day and gave to the fine build-  
ing a truly metropolitan air.

Mrs. Stafford, nee Ida Calahan, of  
Sacramento, California, is visiting  
with the family of Mr. Allen Rogers  
and other friends in this village.

Messrs C. B. Harrison & Son are  
prepared to grind feed on Tuesday,  
Thursday and Sat. of each week in  
their new feed mill in this village.

Charles Pullen and Frank Wil-  
liams attended the public install-  
ation of the officers of Luther Crane  
Post G. A. R. of Burlington Tues-  
day evening, and report an excellent  
time and large attendance.

The next regular meeting of  
Lotus Camp M. W. A. will be held  
on next Monday evening, Jan. 12th.  
It is requested that all members be  
present.

Miss Sophia Hucker, who has  
been in Chicago, learning the dress-  
making trade for some time past,  
came home to spend the holidays  
with her parents.

New sewing machines, \$25.00 and  
up, organs \$50.00 and up, pianos  
\$200 and up, furniture down to hard-  
pan prices at J. C. James & Son's  
furniture store.

Owing to the bad condition of the  
weather the New Years ball in this  
village was not as largely attended  
as had been expected, but all present  
had a very good time.

Study the change in the Wis Cent.  
time table and don't get "left."  
No. 2, the early train for the city,  
now arrives from the north at 5:05  
A. M. and No. 7, the mail train from  
the south reaches here at 10:10 A. M.  
No change occurs in the arrival and  
departure of the other passenger  
trains.

C. B. Harrison & Son are kept  
busy grinding feed.

The Scientific American, referred to  
in another column, under the head-  
ing of "Patents," is the very best  
publication in this country for those  
interested in science, engineering,  
mechanics, invention, etc. A copy  
of the Scientific American may be  
seen at the office of this paper, where  
subscriptions will be received.

Our father who art in Washing-  
ton, Benjamin Harrison be thy name;  
thy kingdom come; thy favor be  
shown to the western farmers as  
well as the eastern bidders; contin-  
ue this day our daily sheriff sales;  
lead us not into temptation of self-  
defense, but deliver us from party  
serfdom, that we may avoid the jail  
and the poor house. For thine is  
the power, born of ignorance and de-  
voted to the interest of a plutocracy  
that enslaves the people forever, if  
they don't kick too soon, which we  
pray to God they may. Amen.—  
Kansas Commoner.

If the editor of the above paper  
ever gets inside of the "pearly gates"  
then we miss our guess.

## Wisconsin Central Time Table.

Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor,  
as follows:

NORTH. SOUTH.  
No. 1, 12:45 A. M. No. 2, 4:32 A. M.  
No. 3, 10:30 P. M. No. 4, 8:03 A. M.  
No. 5, 11 P. M. No. 6, 11:34 A. M.  
No. 7, 10:25 A. M. No. 8, 9:30 P. M.  
No. 9, 7:50 P. M. No. 10, 7:20 A. M.

## TREVOR, WIS.

Miss Cora Reynolds commenced  
school last Monday. She took a  
vacation through the holidays.

The officers of the Grand Lodge  
will dedicate the Old Fellows  
Home at Green Bay the 27th of  
this month.

Herbert Robbins started for Flor-  
ida the 8th of this month to be  
gone until spring. He is looking  
after his interests in the flowery  
State.

MARRIED.—At the residence of  
Andrew Patterson, Jan. 8th, 1891.  
Mr. Sam M. Stewart to Miss Ida  
Patterson of Salem, Wis. Full par-  
ticulars in our next.

Gus Voltz of Kenosha came out  
to his farm the last of December  
and found some persons fishing on  
one of his lakes. They had quite a  
number of nice pickerel. Voltz  
confiscated the whole lot of fish and  
ordered the marauders to vacate his  
lake, and if caught again they would  
be prosecuted. They skipped.

Mr. Ketchum returned from New  
Jersey last Saturday night where  
he had been to visit his mother, and  
was caught in the great Eastern  
snow storms. He started for the  
Pacific coast the fore part of the  
week and will probably come back  
again in the spring. His son Will  
goes with him.

And still the years roll round;  
1890 is past and gone, and 1891, a  
new year, is ushered in; how many  
will live to see the end is not known.  
Life is but a shadow and continueth  
not. The new year was ushered in  
by a violent wind the likes of which  
has not been known here for many  
years. It also rained nearly all day  
the first of the year and finally  
turned to snow.

## ROSECRANS.

Subscribe for the News.

James Gleeson Jr. has been quite  
sick with measles but is now on the  
gain.

Mr. W. Washburn of Gurnee has  
organized a singing class here with  
about fifteen members.

Rev. Mr. Thompson of Evanston  
preached here last Sunday in the  
absence of Mr. G. A. Wells.

The youngest child of C. L.  
Burnes, of Russell, died last Satur-  
day morning and the funeral was  
held Sunday at the house.

The New Years ball given at

Russell on New Years eve was quite  
well attended and immensely enjoy-  
ed by all present.

The young people of this vicinity  
are preparing a dramatic and musical  
entertainment to be presented in  
the near future for the benefit of  
benevolent objects. Date will be  
announced later.

The Gillette Concert Troupe, of  
Lake Geneva, Wis. will give an  
entertainment at Russell Wednes-  
day evening, Jan. 21. General ad-  
mission, 25c., children 15c. This  
company is too well known to need  
any comment, having given several  
successful concerts in this county.  
All who attend are guaranteed satis-  
faction.

## COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

States Attorney Heydecker is  
again at home.

Attorney Pettis, of Deerfield was  
recently in town.

Mr. Harry Thacker was in from  
Lake Villa Sunday.

Mrs. Leonard Spaulding visited  
in Chicago New Years.

The Salvation Army society is  
creating some excitement.

A. J. Felter, the collector of  
Antioch was here Monday.

H. Beard and family spent the  
holidays in South Chicago.

Dr. F. C. Knight of Libertyville  
called here during the week.

Some important real estate trans-  
fers have recently been made.

Miss Alice Yule of Waukegan  
spent the holidays in Millburn.

D. L. Jones attended to legal busi-  
ness in Milwaukee one day last week.

County Clerk Dorsett announces  
that the tax books are now ready  
for the several collectors.

E. C. Crawford of Waukegan is a  
member of the executive committee  
of the Law Club of Chicago.

F. B. Kennard of the real-estate  
firm of Hutchinson & Co. has been  
appointed Notary Public.

Mr. Will Allen of Arlington, S. D.  
is again seen on our streets. He is  
making old friends a brief visit.

At the meeting of the Building  
and Loan Association last Monday  
loans were made amounting to  
\$2,000.

Alderman John J. Page has pur-  
chased a lot on West St. in the  
Sherman addition of C. L. Sawyer for  
\$1,200.

Henry Kent and Homer Stevens,  
both assistants in the store of Wood  
& Kent have been on the sick list  
this week.

The dancing class of Prof. A. B.  
Serverance, of Milwaukee, held at  
the Opera House in this city is  
constantly gaining in popularity and  
numbers.

Half of the Truesdell property  
on North Avenue owned by W. P.  
Kennard has been sold to Lyon &  
Hutchins for \$4,000, who have sub-  
divided the property.

Thomas Douglas formerly of this  
city was recently married in San  
Francisco, Cal. to Miss Emma Dix-  
on. Mr. Douglas is a son of Robert  
Douglas of this city.

The society event of the season  
was the dancing party given by the  
Saturday Night Club, New Years  
Eve. Music was furnished from  
Chicago. The elite of town and  
invited guests from out of town  
attended.

The Christmas exercises at the  
Presbyterian Church last Tuesday  
evening were interrupted by the fire  
and were postponed until Wednesday  
evening when the interesting pro-  
gramme was creditably carried out.

Robert Douglas the nursery man  
is in California.

Hon. C. A. Partridge spent the  
week in Burlington, Wis.

Thursday Steven Wolford died of  
pneumonia at his home in this city.  
He was a well known business man  
here.

Miss Lucy Hillier has returned to  
her position as cashier in Wood &  
Kent's store, after a brief visit in  
Waukesha, Wis.

The marriage of M. H. Powell and  
Miss Flora M. Abbott occurred in  
this city Tuesday evening. They  
are both well known Waukegan  
young people.

## SHALL WE INCORPORATE?

A few reasons why tax-payers  
would favor it.

Editor News:

Will you allow me a little space in  
your paper to take the affirmative of the  
question and give a few reasons why the  
people should incorporate the village of  
Antioch.

First the rapid growth and fast assum-  
ing commercial importance of the village  
demands that in order to stimulate and  
encourage outsiders to invest money in  
village property, some attention should  
be given to the improvement of our  
streets and sidewalks as well as the more  
sanitary condition of the town, this can  
be done only by united action of all the  
people, or by village ordinance backed  
by the vote of a majority of the legal  
electors. Suppose for instance, that a  
dozen enterprising men were to buy  
property and erect costly and fine resi-  
dences on any one of our streets and  
after erecting their buildings they were  
to lay a good side-walk, grade the street  
and put in proper sewers along the  
entire front of their property, but on  
either side a few careless or non-enter-  
prising men, neglect or refuse to continue  
the walk, those twelve families must  
"paddle" through the mud in order to  
get to their place of business or away from  
home, or else continue the walk at their  
own expense and pay for improving the  
property of their shiftless neighbor.

Again in regard to the license question,  
although no license is granted by our  
County board, it is a fact that can hard-  
ly be successfully contradicted, that  
liquor in its various forms can be sold,  
and could have been bought at any time  
during the past year, by the gallon or  
glass right here in Antioch, yet the  
town or county derive no benefit from its  
sale. While I do not advocate, nor am I  
in favor of the saloon, yet I am fully con-  
vinced that while liquor is made it will  
be sold in one form or other, therefore I  
am in favor of making the saloon keeper  
pay for the privilege of selling and use  
the money arising from license to make  
needed public improvements and in a  
measure repair the ruin wrought by the  
saloon.

The plan, or plat now being placed be-  
fore the people of the village, for the  
proposed incorporation, in my opinion  
would work no injustice to any one, but  
on the contrary has much to commend it.

In regard to taxation I can see no  
reason why the revenue derived from  
fines, license of peddlers carts, traveling  
showmen and the like would not be  
amplified sufficient for all legitimate needs  
of the village government, while, unless  
improvements were made, no additional  
assessment would be required, and in  
this case public improvements upon our  
streets would increase the value of prop-  
erty pro ratio with the improvements  
made. If the people would voluntarily  
make all needed improvements the sub-  
ject of incorporation would lose one of  
its potent factors, but as they will not, it  
does not seem right that the few should  
retard the progress of the many.

A TAX PAYER.

## FOX LAKE ETTER.

Here we are again, and very little  
to report. Few cases of Scarletina,  
no Mumps, and not measles enough  
to go round. Grip, which last win-  
ter afforded such a merry topic to  
write about, is out on a vacation.  
The neighborhood is pervasively bent  
on being well, and no mishaps of  
any kind to relieve the monotonous  
order of things, except perhaps the  
occasional rumor of a marriage.

How is it about that question Mr.  
Editor? Some cynics aver that the  
happiness of marriage, like the plea-  
sures of the angler all lie in the  
anticipation. Now is there really  
any fish to be caught after you get  
there, or is it a case of bobbing with

a bare hook. As some of us young  
folks are about to make the jump,  
and afraid lest we should light onto  
a barbwire, we would naturally  
seek a word of advice from a pro-  
gressive paper like the ANTIOCH  
News. Perhaps you will refer this  
to the department of "queries and  
answers" or direct to the matrimon-  
ial editor of your journal.

In the world of politics, as official  
representative of the News, I recent-  
ly interviewed the federal association  
of our fishing industries in the  
person of Mr. Rosamond Stanley,  
who is considered by courtesy, the  
Dean of the faculty, and the mouth-  
piece of the brotherhood. Personally  
he is a hot republican both for now  
and all the time, and intends always  
to vote as he shot. He is however  
somewhat out with the Harrison  
administration. What do you think  
of the tariff Mr. Stanley, modestly  
queried the reporter. "Tariff bedam  
ejaculated the Dean with suffused  
cheeks and great energy of expres-  
sion. There's been too much talk of  
tariff in this Congress, and not  
enough on good dependent pension  
legislation. That's what bent 'em  
this fall. Tariff for pensions is what  
the country wants. Down with the  
monopolies, up with the pensions, is  
the war song. Now look at it! There's  
your money stringency as they call it,  
when the big bugs got all the money  
salted down in their stocking right now.  
The farmers got no loose change; the  
hired man got to take string beans for  
his pay, and best we can do here on the  
ice is to sell to those fellows as come  
along with a pair of steel yards and a  
handful of parsnips. The money  
aint properly distributed I tell you,  
and there is just the one way to do  
it, and that is to raise every old  
soldier's pension to a minimum of  
\$150 a month, payable monthly.  
That's what'll fetch money to the  
stores, then the farmer can get pay  
for his eggs, and the hired man can  
go to housekeeping. Then if that  
haint enough, there's the back  
pension business that'll keep the  
treasury a humping, and I'm in  
favor that when an old soldier dies,  
his pension be apportioned off to the  
surviving pensioners, until the fig-  
ure of each man's monthly pension  
reaches the 'exportation point' as  
them speculators call it, that is,  
when the pensioner will shoot off to  
"Paree" for a ghost dance and  
empty his wallet there, of course  
I'm agin that, and Congress would  
have to pass a law to keep him here."

The reporter here insinuated the  
suggestion, that at this rate the last  
few survivors, (that is assuming  
that pensioners ever completely die  
out) would quite knock the socks  
off Jay Gould, and that should they  
by some fatality at any time make  
a break to "Yurup" after pay day,  
this move would involve the states  
into a financial crash. The Dean  
scratched his head a moment, but  
on the principle that "to each day  
sufficeth the evil thereof," at once  
met this contingency with a by-law  
to the effect that it is the sense of  
this meeting that when the pension  
of an old soldier shall have accumu-  
lated to the rate of \$200 per month,  
the said old soldier shall be securely  
hitched on to a firm post within con-  
venient distance to his bed and  
board. I also interviewed the Dean  
in his capacity of member of the  
"federal association of fishermen"  
and was favored with his views  
on the codfish imbroglio in New-  
foundland, the Behring Sea contro-  
versy and the Alliance Scheme for  
the establishment of national mills  
for the manufacture of "fight"  
money &c. Space forbids me from  
giving in extense his views in this  
article. He was however outspoken  
on the alliance craze, and stoutly  
asserted that money which had to  
be fought for was not worth having.  
With the Dean's consent I may en-

lighten the public with more in-  
formation in some future issue.

## AMONG THE ROCKIES.

### CHEYENNE CANON.

The electric car line between  
Colorado Springs and the wonder-  
fully wild and beautiful mountain  
and gorge known as South Cheyenne  
bears the tourist rapidly and easily  
over the three miles intervening,  
and when the terminus is reached  
we are surprised to find every want  
anticipated, and booths and pavilions  
shady and cool, in which "meals at  
all hours" are waiting to be served;  
easy chairs, rustic seats and benches,  
all provided for those who seek these  
mountain haunts.

Not being in any haste to go for-  
ward, for we were going to make a  
day of it, we seated ourselves and  
watched the panorama as it passed  
before us. Every fifteen minutes  
another car load of ladies and gentle-  
men augmented the rapidly increas-  
ing numbers, until it seemed as if  
the entire city was out for a holiday.

The day was mild and warm in  
middle September, the frosts had  
touched the foliage with gorgeous  
tints, and the breezes bore on their  
gentle wings the aromatic odors of  
the spruce and pine, while hardy  
wild flowers bloomed in every niche  
wherever the scanty soil could afford  
them clinging room.

Carriages and sleek horses stood  
waiting to convey visitors through  
the accessible by-roads of the rocky  
fastnesses, while meek looking bur-  
ros, with eyes closed and ears blink-  
ing, stood patiently awaiting their  
expected burdens.

Several little parties, mounted  
upon the backs of the trusty sure-  
footed little animals passed out of  
sight up among the curves and  
chasms of the toilsome ascent, and a  
few gentlemen on horseback start-  
ed out but soon returned as the  
horses could not and would not  
climb the rugged slopes, where only  
a foot path could be made to guide  
and assist the climbers.

But we had resolved to go up by  
way of the staircase, and after treat-  
ing ourselves to a substantial  
luncheon we set out. Nearly half a  
mile of the wildest of mountain  
ways was accomplished when we  
stopped awhile to rest and breath  
in the shadow of the "Pillars of  
Hercules," twin rocks towering 1900  
feet above our heads, as straight and  
perpendicular as if set by the plum-  
met of a skilled workman, and whose  
sides were as smooth as if they had  
been cut and chiseled, standing some  
fifteen feet apart, as if a pathway  
through these wilds has thus been  
provided. Upon one side of this  
narrow passage rushed and foamed  
a broken mountain stream tumbling  
over or hurrying around the ob-  
structions in its course.

Paying for admission at the toll  
gate we pressed on, and soon reach-  
ed the staircase, a means of ascent  
made of stout planks, in some places  
almost perpendicular and broken  
by seven landings, upon which  
are placed secure rustic benches  
where the panting explorer may  
stop to breathe and partially still  
the violent heart beatings. At the  
right at every landing is a beautiful  
lake into which the mountain stream  
from above is pouring noisily and  
dizzily, and one may easily become  
giddy from the constant falling and  
foaming of the hurrying water.

At last the laborious ascent is ac-  
complished and we cross the stream  
on a little foot bridge provided with  
a firm hand-railing and pause to look  
down, down a distance of 2500 feet  
and the seven falls and seven lakes  
of Cheyenne Canon fall and roar be-  
neath our feet.

Mrs. L. S. Collier,  
Colorado Springs, Col.



# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

A bark machine in the Cascade Wood-Pulp Works at Lockport, N. Y., exploded, wrecking part of the mill and seriously injuring George Welch, the superintendent; John Hammond and John Ferris. They were cut and bruised by flying pieces of the metal. The explosion was caused by overheating of the cylinder.

Fire in the Richmond, Va., cedar works caused a loss of \$40,000. The walls fell on two firemen, injuring Captain Hirschberg badly and Fireman Harkey seriously.

The planing mill of the Argyle Lumber Company at Stricker, Tex., was burned. Loss, \$65,000.

Policeman Hitchens tried to arrest Louis Simon, a gambler, at Missoula, Mont., and was shot, being seriously if not fatally wounded. Simon was then killed by the sheriff.

William Weld, a prominent agricultural journalist, accidentally fell into a water-tank at his residence at London, Ont., and was drowned.

Two women fought a duel with butcher-knives, at Ten Miles, Tyler Co., W. Va. The fight occurred in the kitchen of one of the combatants, named Wilson, and is described as a most ferocious and desperate encounter. Mrs. Wilson was terribly cut about the face, neck, and breast, and is fatally hurt. The other woman's name is Miller. The cause of the strange duel is not known.

Walter Wolverton, a messenger boy of Independence, Mo., was almost torn to pieces by two mastiffs. He will probably die.

Moravia, Ia., has almost been destroyed by incendiary fires, and there were several narrow escapes on the part of people from being roasted.

Mrs. George Bain, near Irwin, Pa., drowned herself in a well. Three weeks ago her lovely young daughter went crazy. This drove her husband insane, and he died in a mad-house, and now the last of the family committed suicide.

Fred Litter, a bricklayer, threw himself under the wheels of a locomotive at Helena, Mont., and was killed.

Two men, a negro and a white man, were lynched in Neabasco County, Miss., for robbery. They held up an old colored woman, robbed and beat her brutally.

A disastrous explosion took place in a coal-pit near Bochum, Prussia. Nine men were killed and ten others are not expected to survive.

A young man named Brighton, whose home is in Dixon, Ill., was found dead on a train which arrived at South Omaha, Neb. The store of Sylvester & Statton at Oden, Ia., was burned. Loss about \$10,000.

John Hanlon, a lineman of St. Louis, grasped a live wire and was so badly shocked that he fell to the ground and was killed.

Christ Heekman, of Zanesville, O., was trying to extract the bullet from a loaded cartridge, when it exploded and the ball entered his abdomen. Death may result.

Fire at Clarence, Ia., destroyed the stores of Hecht & Thoen, Hanna & Co., J. L. Escher, and Reichert. Loss, \$55,000; insurance, \$15,000.

At Ciney, Belgium, the wife, brother-in-law, and three children of a gamekeeper who was recently killed by accident were found asphyxiated in their beds. There is no evidence to show whether the deaths were caused by accident or design.

William Hinesley is under arrest at Villisca, Iowa, charged with criminal assault on a fourteen-year-old blind girl.

The Avenue hotel, at Corsicana, Tex., was burned. People were horrified to find the charred remains of four persons, a man, two women and a fifteen-year-old boy. No one can identify them.

C. H. Wessell, of Teed's Grove, Iowa, was found dead in the road with two bullet holes in his head.

It was against the law. So when Ed Yarin, of Tawas, Mich., fired into a flock of deer the gun exploded, and he will wear his shoulder in a sling for several weeks.

Abram R. Secor, of Cedar Falls, Ia., died from the effects of a bee sting.

Nels Mattson and Nels Ekenby were killed by the cars at Missouri Valley, Iowa.

Walter Stratton, of Smithland, shot and wounded Roscoe Budd while giving an amateur performance at Fort Dodge, Iowa. A loaded shell was used by Stratton by mistake and found lodgment in Budd's thigh, making a dangerous and probably fatal wound.

Green & Son, pork packers of Council Bluffs, Iowa, made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors. Assets, \$62,000; liabilities, \$75,150.

Samuel Kerns touched an electric wire at Philadelphia and was instantly killed.

Doren Baker, who lived in a hut in the outskirts of Beatrice, Neb., was found lying with his throat cut and died in a short time. He was said to have a great deal of money hidden, and it is thought he was robbed and murdered.

Two five-foot veins of coal have been struck at Cambridge, Ia., 180 feet below the surface.

Many persons in the vicinity of Trieste, Austria, were frozen to death.

Martholomew Welch, a farmer, committed suicide at Fort Dodge, Ia., by cutting his throat.

Carl Unveld was arrested at Kalamazoo, Mich., for a murderous assault upon his mother. He is believed to be insane.

John W. Galvin, a laborer, 50 years of age, was shot through the heart and instantly killed by John T. Greaser in St. Louis.

Dr. Henry Christenson, of Belmont, N. D., was killed in a peculiar manner. While making a short turn in the road his road-car struck a large stone and tipped over. In falling out Dr. Christenson caught his foot in the wheel, and he was so badly mangled that he died in an hour.

Gen. Francis E. Spinner, ex-Treasurer of the United States, died at Jacksonville, Fla. He was born at Mohawk, N. Y., in January, 1802.

John Rieger, a German, aged about 45, who arrived at Garden City, Kas., a week ago from Pueblo, committed suicide by throwing himself in front of a passenger-train.

Mrs. Leuel E. C. Carnahan was drowned in the Missouri River near Fort Bennett, S. D. She was inside the army ambulance drawn by four mules, the ambulance being closed on all sides. The ice broke, sending the entire conveyance, including the driver, under the ice.

Daniel Curran died at Lima, O., at the age of 108 years. He was a resident of that place for seventy-five years. He has a brother living aged 103.

A human hand and forearm were found on La Salle street, Chicago, near the morgue. Examination disclosed the fact that it had been in pickle. It is thought probable that it was carried out of the morgue by rats.

# THE KICKAPOO INDIANS BEGAN A HOSTAGE ON THEIR RESERVATION NEAR HISWAHIA, KAN.

One of their number fell dead with exhaustion.

An incendiary fire in the county house near Ballston, N. Y., threatened the entire destruction of the asylum. There was great consternation among the nearly two hundred inmates and some narrow escapes from suffocation, but no lives were lost. The building was fired in two places.

There was a terrific explosion at the power station of the Electric Light and Power Company in New Orleans. The building was wrecked and several employees are reported killed.

Frank Spirling was murdered in his store in Magdalena, N. M. His watch and the change in his clothes and in the cash drawer were taken. A discolored employee and two others, all Mexicans, are under arrest. Blood-stains were found on their hands and clothes.

Over twenty thousand stamped envelopes were stolen from the Government Stamped Envelope agency in Hartford, Conn., and sold by one Fay, a former employee of the agency. The contractors will make the loss good to the government.

Albert Brady, a salesman for a tobacco-plant, sent a bullet through his brain in Chicago. His body was found in his room. No one heard the shot.

Four prisoners escaped from the Newport (Ky.) jail by taking up the brick floor of their cell and tunneling under the foundation. It was evident they could not have done it without assistance, and the jailer is suspected, as his term of office expires in a few days.

The schooner A. D. Lamson, which arrived at Philadelphia, was boarded by Charles Walenberger, the sole survivor of the crew of the schooner Leticia C. Potter, which capsized off Barnegat. Seven men were drowned.

George Walser was robbed in a room at a hotel in Kansas City, Mo. He was awakened by a sound in the room and saw two men searching the pockets of his trousers. When they discovered that he was awake they gagged him and robbed him of \$35.

The weather in North Dakota is so mild that farmers are now plowing in the fields so far this winter.

The dead body of John Dahauer, a farmer, was found by a woodchopper near Watop, Minn. In the head was a deep wound. Dahauer lived alone and was known to keep about his house large sums of money, for which he was evidently murdered.

At Athens, O., the jury in the case of Eli Foster, charged with killing a school-keeper, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree, the punishment for which is life imprisonment. The jury was out twenty-four hours.

A rock slide occurred at the mouth of the new tunnel at Niagara Falls, instantly killing William Anger of Bertie, Ont., and breaking the leg and fracturing the skull of Peter Scanlon of that place.

A good-sized fleet of ice-armored vessels reached New York and every one of their commanders had a report to make of the terrific gales which are now sweeping the ocean. More than 700 steamer passengers were landed, some with broken bones and others with bruised bodies. Several of the crew were lost overboard by the bark St. Katharine.

Charles Rice, a farmer's son living eight miles from Fort Worth, Tex., died in great agony from hydrophobia.

Daniel Honner, a stockman of Lexington, Ky., was found dead in his room at a hotel at Wichita, Kas.

Mrs. Sally Jump, an inmate of the county poor house at Coldwater, Mich., for the past eighteen years, died in that institution at the age of one hundred and two years. She was born in Bristol, Conn.

Alexander King, a colored preacher 60 years old, was found dead at his home in Chicago.

M. A. Dauphin, head of the Louisiana lottery, died at New Orleans.

John B. Thompson, of Lyons, Iowa, was thrown from his carriage and killed.

John Quincy Adams stabbed and instantly killed John McGillin in Anderson County, Tennessee.

George Kopfer, a Cincinnati barkeeper, struck Nelson Ellis in the neck with his fist, inflicting fatal injuries.

Three men plundered the Merchants' Exchange at South Chicago, Ill., in broad daylight and were caught after a thrilling pursuit.

Frank A. Early, 40 years old, was found dead in a snow heap in New York City.

Attempted Murder Near Plymouth, Mich. Miss Thursta Cummings of Canton, aged about 28 and living alone on her farm, was arrested on a recent night by a man knocking at her door and requesting lodging. She refused to admit him and he broke down the door, assaulted her, and cut her throat, but not fatally. He then plundered the house, after which, finding her still alive he stabbed her three times in the side with a bread-knife. She lay in her blood until next afternoon, when with a great effort, she went to the door and called a neighbor. He called a physician, who summoned other neighbors and a physician. The doctor thinks there is doubt of her recovery. The villain is a young man, stout of build, and is still at liberty.

Halfway Collision. A collision on the Lackawanna road in which three firemen were injured, was first supposed to be due to an accident, but it is now learned that the collision was caused by four train-wreckers. Investigation shows that the brass keys that hold the switch had been hammered out of place, causing the switch to open when the train struck it. Four men were indicted for the accident. The doctor thinks there is doubt of her recovery. The villain is a young man, stout of build, and is still at liberty.

Two express trains on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad collided near Harper's Ferry, W. Va., instantly killing Engineer Rufus Gossnell and two firemen. Seventeen persons were more or less injured and several cars demolished.

Five Men Instantly Killed. Five men were instantly killed by the explosion of a cylinder-head of the towboat Annie Roberts, near Portsmouth, O. The boat was bound for Pittsburgh. The damage to the boat will not exceed \$1,000. A complete list of the dead is: Frank Perry, Ben Lawson, James Swail, J. B. Shaw, James Gray. Engineer Bens was seriously injured.

Her Babes Dead By Her Side. In a squall room on Paulina street, Chicago Mrs. Freda Schultz was found lying at the point of death. At her side lay her twin boy babies dead. They were born two days previously and died twenty-four hours later from lack of attendance. The room was almost destitute of furniture. A pile of half-completed trousers lay in one corner of the room. The poor woman had been working on them when she was taken sick. The coroner was notified, and the dead babes were taken to the morgue. Mrs. Schultz was removed to the county hospital. Her condition is critical and the physicians have small hopes for her recovery. She was deserted by her husband four months ago.

# NOMORE PEACE TALK.

## THE WOUNDED TROOPERS NOW BEING REMOVED FROM PINE RIDGE.

A Smash-Up in Michigan—Fatal Accident at a Crossing—Other Condensed Telegrams.

The Noble Redskins. The Indian army is working itself into a fury dancing the ghost dance and preparing for a big battle. Hundreds are crazy in their excitement and ready for anything. Gen. Miles' letter was burned and answer sent that they did not want to hear any peace talk, but were ready and anxious to fight. Their lost numbers over 4,000, a large proportion belonging to other agencies. The Pine Ridge Indians are more friendly than any of the rest. Shots were fired by the pickets at intervals. Two fire arrows were thrown into yards from adjoining ravines but no damage done. Peace talk will accomplish nothing with these frenzied dancers. They will fight to the death.

Two scouts confirm the report made of a battle north of Gordon, Neb. The fight was between the Indians and a detachment sent out by Gen. Miles and from Rosebud Agency to bury the dead Indians killed at the Wounded Knee battle. The hostile Sioux, objecting to the burial of their dead by their pale-faced foes, opened fire, and after desperate and sharp firing they were forced to return to the protection of the friendly ravines.

From Oklahoma it is reported that Capt. Woodson, in command at Fort Reno, will seek to further explain the situation among the Indian tribes along Western Oklahoma before conforming with instructions to disarm the Indians. The whites most concerned look bad plan. They fear the Indians, and this will make them harmless, while to take their guns from them they consider quite likely to result in trouble.

A Sad Accident. The roof of a five-story building on First avenue, New York, fell in with a great crash. There were half a hundred men at work transforming the building into an annex to a brewery for the storage of ice and beer. For the protection of the men from the cold and snow the flat roof was left, but cut loose from the walls. It hung by a few ropes and fell, crushing like a large open umbrella above the building. Suddenly, without a note of warning, the roof over the south half of the building caved in. It caved in precisely as one folds an umbrella with a jerk. The roof beams fell everywhere, at the ends first, last at the center-pole. In the general wreck the posts gave way, too, and all above the second story fell in one general smash down upon the iron beams and brick arches that bore the second floor.

As the ambulance came tearing up there came forth from amid the cloud of dust one seared, white face after another, some smeared with blood, more smudged and blinded by dirt and dust, until nearly the whole troop were gathered in the street. A few crept down the ladders and were met by the firemen, painfully bent and crippled, yet with strength to crawl. Two did not come. When sought they were found amid the wreck, plinned down, one with skull crushed, the other insensible.

The more fatally injured are: James Duncen, skull badly fractured; John Hayes, laborer, injured internally. The following are more or less seriously injured:

J. Weber, S. Driehagen, John Tully, A. Ackerman, H. Doran, P. Hanson, Thomas Hayes, Peter Heilrich, Thomas Heath, Casper Ebley.

Encounter With the Indians. A scout arrived from the hostiles' camp, saying that fourteen cavalry horses, with their riders, had been brought in, were brought into the hostile camp by young warriors. The scouts heard the hostiles make remarks to the effect that there were fourteen less soldiers to fight, and that the hostiles lost only two warriors in getting the fourteen cavalry horses.

After the arrival of the scout who brought the above report another scout brought a second to the effect that a skirmish had occurred. Scout No. 2 said that the hostiles that Cheyenne hostiles made a rush upon a squad of Carr's Sioux scouts on Grass Creek, S. D., and had killed several of them. Grass Creek is a small and nearly dry stream near the site of the recent battle, and in the near vicinity of which Carr is reported as now in camp. When the scout asked whether any soldiers were engaged in the skirmish, he was told there were.

A number of reports such as these are brought in by Government employees stationed in various parts of the reservation. The country seems to be alive with squads of hostile scouts.

It is definitely known that hostiles to the number of about 1,100 are fortified near the mouth of White Clay Creek, and that Gen. Brooke with a detachment of troops is swinging round to the south of them. Gen. Carr is supposed to be approaching from the west, and Gen. Miles will make a dash from the south. The force thus engaged is thought to be ample for annihilating the entire band unless some unforeseen complication or misfortune arises.

Could Starving a Thousand Men. The situation of the laborers forced into idleness by reason of the cessation of work on the Sound extension of the Union Pacific is unchanged. The Mayor of Portland, Ore., sent the following telegram to S. H. H. Clark, General Manager of the Union Pacific railroad, with headquarters at Omaha:

Nearly 1,000 discharged and unpaid employes of your construction department are in Portland in various states of destitution, several hundred of these being fed and lodged daily by the city and by private charity. All these men hold undredmmed time checks, which contractors have no means to pay, having exhausted their own resources and being unable to obtain from your company any portion of the \$350,000 now due them on contract. I submit that the Union Pacific company is directly responsible for the condition in which the men are left by the sudden abandonment of contracts, and is bound in common honor and decency to take instant steps for the relief of their destitution until the wages due them shall be paid in full.

Smash-Up at Linden City, Mich. A freight train on the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee road ran into the rear end of a passenger train which was standing disabled on the main track at Linden City. A fireman had been sent to warn off approaching trains while repairs were being made on the passenger engine, but the engineer on the freight train evidently did not see the signal until within thirty rods, and then, being on down grade, could not stop. Engineer Lavett of the freight and Fireman Hayball received serious injuries. The freight engine and one freight car were demolished and a Pullman sleeper badly damaged.

# SLIGHTED HIS FAIR NIECE.

## Selah Chamberlain's Will Makes No Provision for Mrs. Naylor-Leylan.

A telegram says the will of the late Selah Chamberlain, the railroad builder, has been probated in Painesville, Lake County, O. Several years ago Mr. Chamberlain ostensibly removed from Cleveland to Lake County, in order to circumvent the tax inquirers of this city, who has been very energetically looking after men with large estates. Mr. Chamberlain had a home in Euclid avenue, resided there in winter, died there, and was buried in a city cemetery. He voted in Lake county, however, and his will was therefore probated there. He left an estate valued at \$7,000,000 on a low estimate. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, and the only public bequest he made, which was a small one, by the way, was to the Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati. The bulk of his vast estate will go into the possession of the two nephews, sons of a brother, who live here. The famous beauty, known as Jennie Chamberlain before her marriage, was his niece. Her name is not mentioned in the will. She was married a year or two ago in England to a wealthy man, and is now known as Mrs. Naylor-Leylan. She was always regarded as being an especial favorite of her uncle.

Particulars of the Recent Conflict. The particulars of the battle with Indians on Fortitude Creek have just been received. Big Foot's band, which was captured under a military guard, was within eighteen miles of Pine Ridge Agency when orders were received from Gen. Brooke to disarm them and send them at once to Fort Omaha. When the demand for a surrender of arms was made the Indians replied by opening fire. The soldiers returned the fire and a terrible battle took place. The entire band of Indians, consisting of 120 braves and over 150 squaws and ponies, was killed. The loss of the soldiers was comparatively small, but several were killed, and large numbers were more or less seriously wounded. When the news of the fight reached the agency it produced intense excitement there, and a large number of Indians left the agency. Others under Red Cloud determined to stay with Gen. Brooke and are now helping to repel the attack of the renegade Indians who are attempting to capture and destroy the agency. A camp of friendly Indians within sight of the agency was burned, and it is supposed the inhabitants were massacred by hostiles.

The killed: Capt. Wallace, Commander of the 7th Cavalry; Private Cook, 1st Troop; The wounded: Father Chas. J. Brown, Catholic priest, mortally wounded—lungs; Private Frank Lewis, 1st Troop; Private Stone; Private Sullivan, 1st Troop; S. F. Smith, 1st Troop; Corporal Clifton, 1st Troop; Davis, Hazelwood, 1st Troop; Lieut. Garlington, 1st Troop; Lieut. Interpreter P. F. Wells; Lieut. Kinzie; Trumpeter James Schoedens, mortally; Sergeant Camelt, 1st Troop; Private A. Troop; Sergeant Hodkinson; George Elliott, 1st Troop; Sergeant Ward, 1st Troop; Sergeant Hotchkiss, mortally; Hlyp A. Cook, 1st Troop; Private Adams, 1st Troop; Corporal Newell, 1st Troop.

This is only a partial list. About a dozen more are reported lying as if dead, but no more officers are killed, while twenty-five or more are wounded. Many of the wounded will die. Capt. Wallace was tomahawked squarely in the head.

Great Fire in London. Fire in London, England, near Blackfriars bridge, caused a loss of \$2,000,000. It started on Queen Victoria street, and spreading on both sides soon developed four great blocks. The fire department was utterly unable to check the fire, which really burned itself out. Twenty steam fire engines were on the grounds and a number of old hand engines, but the latter were useless. The phenomenally cold weather greatly hampered the efforts of the firemen, the water freezing in the engines and many of the men having their hands and other parts of their bodies frozen. The horses had to be hauled to the ladders, their hands being so benumbed that they could not grasp the supports. The headquarters of the salvation army were threatened, but were finally saved.

While this fire was in progress there was an extensive conflagration in the suburbs of Hackney. Several large tanks of spirits exploded. The shock was felt in London, five miles away. The loss is \$300,000.

Attacked by Six Strange Men. T. A. Baker, County Treasurer, was attacked by six strange men near his residence in Bakersfield, Cal. The men evidently intended to commit robbery and they landed Baker roughly. The latter drew his pistol and fired twice, fatally wounding one of the men, who gave his name as James McQuade. During the struggle one of the men took Baker's pistol from him and fired, the ball grazing Baker's head.

MARKET REPORT. CHICAGO. DECEMBER—Extra 1,600,000 lbs. \$5.00; 1,500,000 lbs. \$4.75; 1,400,000 lbs. \$4.50; 1,300,000 lbs. \$4.25; 1,200,000 lbs. \$4.00; 1,100,000 lbs. \$3.75; 1,000,000 lbs. \$3.50; 900,000 lbs. \$3.25; 800,000 lbs. \$3.00; 700,000 lbs. \$2.75; 600,000 lbs. \$2.50; 500,000 lbs. \$2.25; 400,000 lbs. \$2.00; 300,000 lbs. \$1.75; 200,000 lbs. \$1.50; 100,000 lbs. \$1.25; 50,000 lbs. \$1.00; 25,000 lbs. \$0.75; 10,000 lbs. \$0.50; 5,000 lbs. \$0.25; 2,500 lbs. \$0.125; 1,250 lbs. \$0.0625; 625 lbs. \$0.03125; 312 lbs. \$0.015625; 156 lbs. \$0.0078125; 78 lbs. \$0.00390625; 39 lbs. \$0.001953125; 19 lbs. \$0.0009765625; 9 lbs. \$0.00048828125; 4 lbs. \$0.000244140625; 2 lbs. \$0.0001220703125; 1 lb. \$0.00006103515625; 1/2 lb. \$0.000030517578125; 1/4 lb. \$0.0000152587890625; 1/8 lb. \$0.00000762939453125; 1/16 lb. \$0.000003814697265625; 1/32 lb. \$0.0000019073486328125; 1/64 lb. \$0.00000095367431640625; 1/128 lb. \$0.000000476837158203125; 1/256 lb. \$0.0000002384185791015625; 1/512 lb. \$0.00000011920928955078125; 1/1024 lb. \$0.000000059604644775390625; 1/2048 lb. \$0.0000000298023223876953125; 1/4096 lb. \$0.00000001490116119384765625; 1/8192 lb. \$0.000000007450580596923828125; 1/16384 lb. \$0.0000000037252902984619140625; 1/32768 lb. \$0.00000000186264514923095703125; 1/65536 lb. \$0.000000000931322574615478515625; 1/131072 lb. \$0.0000000004656612873077392578125; 1/262144 lb. \$0.00000000023283064365386962890625; 1/524288 lb. \$0.000000000116415321826934814453125; 1/1048576 lb. \$0.0000000000582076609134674072265625; 1/2097152 lb. \$0.00000000002910383045673370361328125; 1/4194304 lb. \$0.000000000014551915228366851806640625; 1/8388608 lb. \$0.0000000000072759576141834259033203125; 1/16777216 lb. \$0.00000000000363797880709171295166015625; 1/33554432 lb. \$0.000000000001818989403545856475830078125; 1/67108864 lb. \$0.0000000000009094947017729282379150390625; 1/134217728 lb. \$0.00000000000045474735088646411895751953125; 1/268435456 lb. \$0.000000000000227373675443232059478759765625; 1/536870912 lb. \$0.0000000000001136868377216160297393798828125; 1/1073741824 lb. \$0.00000000000005684341886080801486968994140625; 1/2147483648 lb. \$0.000000000000028421709430404007434844970703125; 1/4294967296 lb. \$0.0000000000000142108547152020037174224853515625; 1/8589934592 lb. \$0.00000000000000710542735760100185871124267578125; 1/17179869184 lb. \$0.00000000000000355271367880050092935562133390625; 1/34359738368 lb. \$0.000000000000001776356839400250464677810666953125; 1/68719476736 lb. \$0.0000000000000008881784197001252323389053334765625; 1/137438953472 lb. \$0.00000000000000044408920985006261616945266673828125; 1/274877906944 lb. \$0.000000000000000222044604925031308084726333369140625; 1/549755813888 lb. \$0.0000000000000001110223024625156540423631666845703125; 1/1099511627776 lb. \$0.000000000000000055511151231257827021181583334228515625; 1/2199023255552 lb. \$0.00000000000000002775557561562891351059079166711428125; 1/4398046511104 lb. \$0.0000000000000000138777878078144567552953958335535703125; 1/8796093022208 lb. \$0.00000000000000000693889390390722837764769791677678515625; 1/17592186044416 lb. \$0.0000000000000000034694469519536141888238489583888928125; 1/35184372088832 lb. \$0.00000000000000000173472347597680709441192447919444640625; 1/70368744177664 lb. \$0.000000000000000000867361737988403547205962239597223203125; 1/140737488355328 lb. \$0.0000000000000000004336808689942017736029811197986116015625; 1/281474976710656 lb. \$0.0000000000000000002168404344971008868014905598993058078125; 1/562949953421312 lb. \$0.00000000000000000010842021724855044340074527994965290390625; 1/1125899906842624 lb. \$0.000000000000000000054210108624275221700372639974826451953125; 1/2251799813685248 lb. \$0.000000000000000000027105054312137610850186319987413227578125; 1/4503599627370496 lb. \$



## FOR THE LADIES.

### INSTRUCTIVE ITEMS FOR THE GENTLE SEX—ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

How to Make a Wife Unhappy—House Matters and Hints for the Householder—Pithy Points, Etc., Etc.

A Bachelor's Ballad.  
Returning home at the close of day,  
Who gently chides my long delay,  
And by my side delights to stay?  
Who sets for me my easy chair,  
Prepares the room with neat care,  
And lays my slippers ready there?  
Who regulates the evening fire,  
And piles the blazing fuel higher,  
And bids me draw my chair still higher?  
When sickness comes to rack my frame,  
And grief disturbs my troubled brain,  
Who sympathizes with my pain?  
Nobody.  
—American Queen.

Answered At.  
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.  
"And at whom will you sneeze, my pretty maid?"  
"Achoo! sneeze! kind sir," she said.  
—Golden Days.

#### How to Make a Wife Unhappy.

See your wife as seldom as possible, if she is warm-hearted and cheerful in temper, or if, after a day's or a week's absence, she meets you with a smiling face, and in an affectionate manner, be sure to look coldly upon her, and answer her with monosyllables. If she forces back her tears, and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gape in her presence, till she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never think you have anything to do to make her happy but that her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices; and when she has done all a woman can do, be sure you do not appear gratified. Never take an interest in any of her pursuits; and if she asks your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and impertinent. If she attempts to rally you good-humoredly on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she has faults (which, without doubt, she will have, and perhaps may be ignorant of), never attempt with kindness to correct them, but continually obtrude upon her ears: "What a good wife Mr. Smith has!" "How happy Mr. Smith is with his wife!" "Any man would be happy with such a wife!" In company, never seem to know you have a wife; treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complaisant to every other lady. If you follow these directions, you may be certain of an obedient and heart-broken wife. —New York Ledger.

#### Home Matters.

**CELERY SAUCE.**—Cut up and stew in half a pint of water, until tender, two fine heads of celery. Cream a teaspoonful of flour with a large spoonful of butter. Add to celery with salt and pepper and a cup of sweet cream. Stew a moment and serve. Delicious with game or poultry.

**VEAL BROTH.**—Put two pounds of rib pieces of veal on to boil in plenty of water; after skimming it well as it boils add salt. Let the meat boil two hours, or until very tender, then remove it from the liquor, add a little chopped celery and rice, allowing two tablespoonfuls of the latter to a quart of broth. Cook until the rice is soft. Then add a very little pepper and a small quantity of the meat cut into very small pieces.

**MOUNTAIN HOUSE ROLL.**—Set a thin sponge with wheat flour at about 4 o'clock as follows: Stir into a quart of water flour enough to make a thin batter, adding half a cake of compressed yeast dissolved. Let this sponge stand until 9 o'clock and then knead up thoroughly; add a piece of butter the size of a large egg. Roll the rolls stand until morning, then roll them out as thin as your hands, handle the dough as little as possible, cut it into narrow strips and lay in a pan to rise for three-quarters of an hour. Bake in a quick oven ten minutes. These rolls are delicious made of part graham or of whole wheat flour.

When washing fine white flannels, add a tablespoonful of pulverized borax to a pailful of water. This will keep them soft and white.

To remove oil marks from wall paper where careless people rest their heads: Take pipe clay or fullers' earth, and make into a paste, about as thick as ice cream, with cold water; lay it on the stain gently, without rubbing it in; leave it on all night. It will be dry by morning, when it can be brushed off, and unless an old stain the grease spot will have disappeared. If old, renew the application.

In washing painted walls, it is a good plan to remove from the room everything that can be injured by steam, and then hang sheets wrung from hot water in the room. The vapor, condensing on the walls, softens the dirt, which may be wiped off with woollen cloths wrung from soda water. Ceilings that have been smoked by a kerosene lamp should be washed off with soda water. —Republie.

#### How to Raise Poultry.

In raising poultry for profit we must first consider the surrounding circumstances. The amount of capital to invest, the space of ground to be occupied, and the amount of help available. If we expect to receive our profit from selling stock, that is, eggs for hatching and chickens for breeding purposes, we must look well to our flocks and keep the breed up to a high standard of perfection, and never keep a cockerel more than a year, and the hens should be culled frequently. For the large breeds the weight of carcass is the first requisite. In the smaller breeds, beauty of form and markings of plumage are the first requirements.

Breeders to be successful, must keep their breeds pure. But, on a farm, where promiscuous stock is

kept, and fowls are allowed as a kind of household adjunct, there is no surer way to success than to get a flock of common hens and procure thoroughbred roosters of any of the large breeds, one to every ten hens. They will then produce healthy chicks, large bodies and good layers. Hens are peculiar in their habits, and if more than fifty are kept, they should have more than one homestead or roost. Where one is close to market, and has a good run, the Asiatic breeds are the best, as they need but little room, are of rapid growth, fatten well, and are good sitters and mothers for early market chickens. None are better than Cochins for sitters. But if the market is not close, and we depend largely on the sale of eggs for income, the mating of Leghorns, either white or brown, with Light Brahmas, produces large fowls as well as good layers. Amateurs can select one breed, or several different ones, and make them all interesting. A few of our finely marked Bantams, with others, delight the eye, and they are always good layers. —Our Country Home.

#### Honey For the Home.

Bee-keeping in the modern way should be carried on at least to a limited extent by every intelligent family in this enlightened age. Even one swarm of bees in fair condition and with proper care through the spring and summer will furnish fifty to eighty pounds of honey, or as much as an ordinary family will need, and it is one of the greatest delicacies obtainable. Excessive warming must be prevented, says *Farm and Home*, by cutting out the queen cells five days after the first swarms have issued. Success is largely due to fall management and winter care, particularly in the North. If short of stores they should be given granulated syrup. If fed early enough the bees will have this food put into combs and sealed over before the cold weather. For wintering an underground cellar is best, as the temperature is even. It should be well ventilated, should have few or no vegetables in it, and dry sawdust should be kept upon the floor to absorb any moisture. The hives ought to be raised from the bottom board at least one inch to secure circulation of air. If the bees get uneasy the hives should be lifted from the bottom boards once a week and all dead bees scraped off to prevent any foul odors from rising into the hive and causing disease. During warm nights the cellar door should be opened at sundown and closed again at daybreak. Bees cared for in this simple manner will pay their owners many times over the money invested and time spent.

#### Had to Saw Her Out.

Several hundred people crowded the street in front of a jewelry store in Washington, attracted by the sorry plight of a comely young woman who sat on the flagstones right in front of one of the big windows. One daintily shod foot peeped perforce from under her skirts, and the other was down in the coal hole under the sidewalk.

It seems that the iron and glass grating that lights the vault under the sidewalk just before the plate-glass window, was broken. The hole did not seem large enough for a child's foot to slip through.

The young woman, a pretty blonde in a handsome dark green dress, stopped to look at the jeweler's wares in the window. Suddenly she gave a little shriek, and seemed to lose half a foot of her stature. She was evidently much distressed at something, and little wonder. Her French boot had slipped through the hole in the grating and her leg had followed half way to the knee, as far as it could go. She tried to pull it out, but it was wedged fast. She sat down on the flagstones and began to cry from fright and pain and mortification.

She was at once surrounded by a crowd. The police came and made the people stand back, and a kindly-faced old lady did what she could to comfort the unfortunate girl.

The storekeeper sent to a machine-shop for a couple of men and they came with saws, hammers and crow-bars and set about breaking one of the bars of the iron grating so as to release the imprisoned foot. It took fully half an hour, and the crowd got bigger every minute, but finally the iron bar was sawed through and the pretty girl freed from the most awkward situation of her life. Then she took a carriage and went home.

#### Watching the Clock.

As the *Christian Union* says, there is a deal of common sense in this story lately told of Edison, whether he said it or not. A gentleman went to the great electrician with his young son, who was about to begin work as office boy in a well-known business house. The father asked Edison for a motto, which the boy might take to heart in his struggle for promotion and success. After a moment's pause, Edison said, ironically, "Never look at the clock!"

Edison meant, we take it, that the man who is constantly afraid he is going to work over time or over hours, doesn't stand a chance of competing with the man who clears up his desk, no matter how long it takes. The carpenter who drops his hammer, uplifted above his head, when the whistle blows, is likely to remain a second-class workman all his life. The carpenter who stays fifteen minutes to finish a job is working toward a shop of his own.

#### A "By the Way."

Caller—"Your husband is out of town, isn't he?"

Hostess—"No he's at home. He hasn't been away for months. Why?"

Caller—"Oh, nothing, nothing at all. By the way, I wonder what has become of the pretty Widow Wilkins?" —Good News.

## A MISSOURI COON HUNT.

### FOREST SPORT AFTER NIGHT SETS IN.

Graphic Account of a Night in Southern Missouri With a Pack of Dogs and Lots of Enthusiasm—Some Polsters as to How It's Done.

A writer in that best of all sportsman's papers, *Forest and Stream*, says: Let me here relate some points about western coon hunting. I notice one article in *Forest and Stream* that speaks of the hunter ascending the tree and then shooting the coon. This may be all right in the east, but in Southern Missouri, where I hunted last spring, it is considered as unsportsmanlike to shoot a coon as it would be to shoot a pheasant on the ground.

After the coon is treed the first thing to do is (if the tree permits) to climb the tree and get as near to the beast as possible, but if one had to shake him out he would find his hands pretty full. In fact, unless the tree was quite small it would be almost impossible to do so. The thing to do then, after reaching the proper place in the tree, is to break off a limb as long and as straight as possible; on the end of this put your hunting cap and thrust it out toward the coon. He is immediately paralyzed with fear, he does not wait to jump out, but literally falls backward off the limb to the ground.

Often a large "boar" coon no sooner sees one coming up into his section of the tree than with an angry growl he starts down to meet the intruder; but once you get your cap on a stick, poke it at him, and all of his boldness is gone and he usually goes with it to the ground. Most hunters carry a stick up the tree with them, by putting it down the leg of their boot. An old rifle ramrod makes a good stick and is just about the right length. It is really better to carry the stick up with you, for if the coon is an old one he is liable to show fight, and it is a good thing to have your stick ready. I remember well the last hunt I took before leaving Missouri. It was during the latter part of April and the sap was pretty well up in the trees. The night was very dark and cloudy, one of those nights when it seems as though it would rain but could not. The hounds started a trail and had not run it ten minutes when we heard the leader bark "treed." On going to the spot we found the whole pack of nine bangles and foxhounds whining and baying up a large water oak. The night was so dark and the limbs of the tree so thick that the coon could not be seen. I started to climb the tree and had almost reached the top when I heard an angry growl and saw a pair of shining green eyes coming down toward me. I grasped the first limb that I could find and tried to wrench it off, but being green, it was not at all inclined to come. The coon was almost at my elbow. I saw I could not break the limb, so I turned and struck him full in the face with my fist. Down he went right in the middle of the howling pack. Well, he kept the dogs busy for almost an hour, and I assure you they were a pretty looking sight when the coon was done for. Old Ben, our jack rabbit dog, had a piece of his ear torn off as big as a quarter, and our leader, "The Old Man," had been bitten through the hip and was almost covered with blood. The other dogs had their share of wounds, too. I fancy I can see them now by the dim light of the lantern in the depths of the gloomy bottom forest, standing around the dead coon, panting and wagging their tails as much as to say, "We are the stuff." Well, after the excitement was all over I found that I too had been injured in the scuffle. The knuckles of my right hand carry a scar to-day where my fist came in contact with the coon's teeth when I struck him in the face.

#### Wicked Choir.

Is it not about time for a general up-ising and protest against the choir members who talk during prayer in church? asks the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*. Some of them seem to be so thoroughly filled with the idea of the importance of their singing that they violate every rule in the unwritten law of reverence. The preacher does not produce his notes for study nor keep mumbling over the outline of his sermon in an audible tone of voice while the anthem is being sung. Neither should the choir be preparing for voluntary or hymn while other parts of the service are being observed. Just as the preacher has his sermon ready when he comes to church, so should the singers be ready with their parts when they come. If they cannot be prepared before the service is commenced, let them keep quiet. Better not have any choir singing than to have it a cause of irreverence in the house of God. Let the crusade against the sin begin at once.

#### The Troubles of an Editor.

We must really request our friends who are delivering us now potatoes to pay of their delinquent subscriptions to select smaller varieties, if possible. They forget the only kettle that we have to cook them in is the same old tin dipper, suspended gypsy fashion to a tripod on the tide flat under our comping room. It will not hold anything over nine inches in diameter, and this season choice of one man. —New York Evening Telegram.

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ad are seldom under ten inches. This matter has caused us considerable anxiety. We don't want to refuse the potatoes just on the ragged edge of a hard winter, but we do want some discrimination made as to size, as we have no method of preparing the giant varieties. —South Bend (Ind.) Journal.

#### BOTTLE BELLS.

A Chime that Can Easily be Made—Sweet Melody from Glass.

To make a chime of metal bells, such as are used by the Swiss bell ringers, would be a difficult task for any but an expert musician, but a chime of bottle bells may be made by any clever boy with a musical ear.

The apparatus consists of two chairs, two sticks and eighteen bottles. The bottles are each hung to the sticks by an ordinary string, the strings having double loops. If the bottles are all of the same shape and size, they can be tuned by pouring water into them—the more the water, the lower the note; but if it is impossible to get the full compass in this way, differently shaped bottles can be used to fill the gaps. In fact, if you will hang up all the empty bottles you have in the house and hit them with a drumstick, or any stick with a wooden knob, you will find that every one has a different note, which can be modified by pouring in a little water; it is impossible to say how much water should be used, as bottles vary so much.

In the set illustrated all the sharps and flats are present, so that the chromatic scale is complete; but it is not always possible to get this, and you must be content to have your instrument in C or G, or D, or even F.

There is no limit to the number of bottles. You can go an octave higher, and work in medicine bottles if you wish; but, as a rule, the glass should be fairly strong.

As far as the hammer is concerned, almost any stick is good enough to beat with. We have used a hazel walking-stick with satisfactory results, but a stick with more spring in it would not be amiss.

For quick tunes two sticks should be used; for very quick tunes there should be two players, one on one side of the line and one on the other.

In our chime the lowest note is to the left hand; immediately below it is the next note; on the upper line comes the next, on the lower the next, and so on, the object being to keep the scale well within reach.

Bottles are not the only things that will give a musical note when suspended in this way. Iron pipes, steel pipes, pieces of metal, lumps of flint and cups and saucers can all be made fairly musical with a little care in selection. —New York Morning Journal.

#### They'll Try It Over Again.

The small boy tackles tobacco first. In solitude back of the barn, until his head is ready to burst, his brain like a ball of yarn; His stomach rolls and his eyes are red, But spite of his woe and pain, He's pretty certain, if not quite dead, To try it over again.

A man will tackle John Barleycorn in every possible way. His head may feel when he wakes at morn As big as a load of hay; His nerves may shake and his eyes lose sight, And a fog surround his brain. "The half of a dog will cure its bite," He says—and tries it again.

A girl will fasten her corset string To the door-knob, and then burst. And pull till she gets the proper thing, In a form of "tender grace;" Her ribs may lap and her spine may snap, And she may faint from the pain, But just as sure as she lives it through, That girl will try it again.

But if sawing wood made that boy sick, He'd never try it again; If churches filled men's hats with brick, They'd never go there again; If fashion said a girl was a goose To lace, she wouldn't again. There's a moral somewhere around here loose, Perhaps you'll find it again.

#### The Vanderbilt Millions.

The care of the Vanderbilt millions is a far greater burden than most people imagine. There are not many citizens in our country who require a great bank of their own in which to transact their business and deposit their securities. One of the largest banking buildings in the country is the Lincoln National Bank, at Fifth avenue and Forty-second street. This belongs to the Vanderbilts. It holds millions of money and many more millions of securities which represent their wealth. After the older Vanderbilt died, and his property had to be distributed among his children, it was no small task to go over the vast number of stocks and bonds he left, and divide them up according to the provisions of the will. Nor was it a small matter to distribute the ready money that was in the bank. This bank and its operators seem like a romance of our rapid civilization. In sentimental features nothing in Europe can compare with it. In no country on earth except this could such an institution exist under similar conditions. In no other land could a family have had as its financial servant a man who had been Cabinet Minister. Yet when Thomas L. James ceased to be Postmaster-General he anchored himself in the Lincoln National Bank to count the money and sit as a grim figure-head upon the stool of the successful operations of one man. —New York Evening Telegram.

## BIG PROFITS IN NUTS.

### BEGINNING OF A GREAT INDUSTRY FOR AMERICA.

Plantations of Walnuts, Pecans, Chestnuts and Many Other Varieties Already Started—Permanent Sources of Annual Profit to Him Who Waits.

"The era of nut cultivation in this country is just dawning," says Chief Van Deman, of the pomological division in the department of Agriculture. "Before long, however, the growing of nuts for market will become an enormous industry in the United States, where now the product depended upon for consumption is either gathered from wild trees or imported from abroad. Incidentally to the clearing of the land for settlement nut-bearing trees are being largely wiped out, and the wild crop is necessarily diminishing in proportion from year to year. This is especially true of the pecan, which the pickers are fond of collecting by cutting down the trees—a proceeding that naturally lessens the production of subsequent seasons.

"It is only within the last ten years that nut culture has been tried in this country, but it is being widely taken up because of the large profits obtained from it, and great orchards of hundreds and even thousands of trees are growing or being planted on every hand. In central California almond groves of from 2,000 to 5,000 trees are not unusual, and in the southern part of the same state the English walnut, properly called the Madeira nut, is already extensively raised. The English walnut is grown also for market in most of the other states, and on Staten Island it is cultivated and sold green for pickles and catsup. The pecan is grown in orchards in the South and Southwest, and the pignut, or pine nut, though quite unknown to people east of the Mississippi, is produced in immense quantities on the Pacific slope. Wonderful results are obtained with nut by selection and proper grafting. With such care they increase surprisingly in size and become thin shelled. Here, for example, are some pecans.

I don't wonder that you are astonished at their bigness. The pecans you are accustomed to see have been wild ones, whereas these are cultivated specimens. You will observe that they are five or six times as big as the ordinary nuts and their shells are so thin that you will notice I break this one easily between my thumb and finger, just as I would a peanut. "The chestnut is susceptible of the same sort of improvement and in no less degree. It is beginning to be extensively planted and is found a most profitable agricultural product. You are familiar with the chestnut called the 'marron' that we import from abroad. It is grown in China and Japan, as well as in France, Spain, Italy and Portugal. In point of flavor it does not nearly equal the American chestnut, but it has a great advantage in point of size, being as big as a horse chestnut. Now, we can grow these marrons perfectly well in this country and are already doing so in the central states, along the Atlantic and as far west as the Mississippi. Orchards of seedlings are starting in many places, and before long the marron will become a plentiful native crop. There are some choice varieties of American chestnuts, grown mostly along the Appalachian range in North Carolina, Georgia and as far north as New York, which are nearly as big as the foreign kind. Here are a few that, you see, are quite an inch and a half in diameter. These are chestnuts well worth cultivating. There is plenty of waste land lying about that could be made admirable use of for chestnut plantations, and when I tell you that a single tree can be made to bear from \$10 to \$50 worth of the nuts each year, you will perceive that the business of raising nuts is well worth the farmer's attention."

#### A Long-Felt Want.

Abie Editor—Want a position, eh? Do you understand the tariff question? Applicant—Um—to tell the truth, I don't know anything about the tariff. "Are you familiar with international law?" "No, can't say that I am." "Have you followed up the various African and Polar explorations, and have you all the localities at your finger-ends, so that you could write column after column on the subject without exhausting yourself?" "I never took any interest in such things." "Are you thoroughly familiar with English, French, German and Russian politics?" "Don't know anything about European squabbles, and don't want to." "Young man, take that desk there. I shouldn't wonder if you could make a paper that sensible people would like to read."

#### To Make Lime Water.

Lime water is often required in the sickness of children and adults. Being inexpensive, it is best to obtain it from druggists; but if anyone prefers to make it here is the process. Take a large bottle and press into it pure, clean, unsalted lime, enough to fill about one-fourth of its depth. Now fill the bottle with pure water, cork and shake awhile. On standing, the fluid will become clear, when it is ready for use. —Boston Herald.

## WISCONSIN NEWS.

### ON THE STREET AT OHLKOPF.

—Fred Mayer was arrested at Neenah for robbing his employer, Karl Koch of Menasha, of \$238.

—Silas Corryell was thrown from his wagon near Janesville, by a runaway horse and instantly killed.

—Two little children of Victor Rogers, of Ironwood, perished in a fire which destroyed their home.

—Some Hurley people have been awindled by a man who claimed to tell the lucky number in a lottery for a fee.

—Mrs. Jack Hunter, charged with abducting two colored girls from Chicago, was taken from Milwaukee to that city.

—At Oconto the Presbyterian church Funk's block and the fire-engine house burned. Loss \$25,000, insurance \$15,000.

—A Rockford, Ill., couple went to Heloit to get married. They got in at 12:30 and were back at the depot at 1:15 man and wife.

—Charles Sumner Silchert, Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the Wisconsin State University, was married at Madison to Miss Isabella Lyne.

—The associated charities in Milwaukee brought by to the hearts of poor and deserving families. Nearly 200 were taken care of on Christmas.

—Fire broke out in the feed store of P. J. Koeliker, at Antigo, and spread to an adjoining store occupied by W. H. Pardee, both being destroyed.

—Andrew Buslet and Charles Mead, two lumbermen employed in a camp near Waupaca quarreled, when Mead crushed Buslet's skull with a handspike.

—The jury at Madison, in the case of Mitchell Thomas, the Chippewa Indian charged with the killing of David Corbin, brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree.

—Dr. A. H. Clark's book accounts were sold at Beloit, and bills amounting to \$8,000 were sold to a lawyer for \$100; \$3,500 worth of stock in iron mining companies was sold for \$60.

—The Palmyra Vigilance Society held its annual meeting and elected a new board of officers. The society was organized some fifteen years ago as a vigilance and anti-horse-thief association.

—Peter St. George, the man who murdered his wife at Cadott in a most sensational manner and then committed suicide, was once a resident of a lumber camp in Wisconsin.

—Joe Helden and John Neumer, lumbermen, fought a bloody battle with bow-knives near Kewaunee. Neumer is so badly cut that he will die in a few days. The murder was seriously stabbed in several places.

—Judge Parish rendered a decision at Ashland dissolving the injunction restraining the County Board from selling eight blocks of the court-house square for a site for the new \$100,000 public building.

—It has been rumored in Milwaukee that Phil Armour had decided to erect a surgical hospital in Chicago, at the head of which Dr. Sena, of Milwaukee, is to be placed. The rumor was contradicted by Armour.

—Shortly before the curtain rose at a Milwaukee theater, Charles McIntyre, who was up in the wings, lost his balance and fell to the stage, striking on top of his head. He died two hours later. He was unmarried.

—In the case of Joseph Malone, at Milwaukee, charged with fraudulently obtaining a pension from the government amounting to \$5,200, a verdict was rendered against the defendant. The suit is to recover the money.

—The jury in the case of Mark Haley, of Portage, against the Jump River Lumber company for damages for personal injuries received by an accident in a lumber camp, brought in a verdict of \$15,000 for the plaintiff.

—Some time ago the scheme was started of holding an oratorical contest, to include representatives of high schools in the Fox River Valley. The plan was to have a preliminary and the first contest will probably be held at Neenah, April 3.

—During a few days, there was a run on the Kellogg National Bank of Green Bay, in which Senator Sawyer is a heavy stockholder. It was reported that the bank had failed, but business men kept making deposits, and confidence has been restored.

—Nearly every valuable tract of reserved land in the Eau Claire district has been occupied by squatters. They came to the land-office to make entry. The applications were of course rejected in all cases where entry had already been made, and appeals were taken.

—A masked robber entered the residence of J. M. Southard, a wealthy farmer and Town Treasurer of Luena, last night, and covering Mr. Southard with a revolver, demanded what money he had. About \$700 was turned over and the robber departed, leaving no claw.

—W. H. Slack, as receiver of the defunct Bank of Commerce of West Superior, filed a statement showing the condition of the affairs of the bank. The assets of the bank show a total of \$663,616.50, against \$466,330.03 of liabilities, an excess of assets over liabilities of \$197,286.47.

—Twenty-nine years ago Joseph Gibson, Jr., then a boy, was sent by his father, a farmer near Neenah, to get the cows. Until a few days ago he has not been seen, when he treated his parents to a surprise by paying them a visit. He has visited nearly every part of the earth.

—The tramp question is seriously vexing Outagamie County officers. The sheriff and board of supervisors are at odds on it. The board wants the tramps to work for the county and the sheriff refused to turn them over to the overseers unless the latter gave a bond for their safe keeping of \$5,000.

—After being out over forty hours the jury in the Landgraf murder case in Milwaukee came into court and reported its inability to agree. Judge Waller discharged the jury and bound Landgraf over to the next term. The jury stood at nine for acquittal and three for conviction.

—Henry L. Eaton was arrested in Milwaukee on complaint of his wife, who, with the officer, found her with a woman at a European hotel. Eaton charges that the police department is inspired by malice due to his prosecution of Lieutenant Krueh, and promises sensational developments.

—Ashland city officials differ greatly on the question of accepting orders in the payment of taxes. The paper is worth only 50 cents on the dollar, and the city would be out if they took it. The city treasurer claims that he cannot be compelled to accept over 25 per cent in order, and the city attorney says he must take 37.

—The family of Henry Wieman, in Milwaukee, spent a sorrowful Christmas. Mr. Wieman came home loaded down with presents for the family. In rushing to meet the father at the door, Ferdinand, a three-year-old son tripped and fell against the stove. The child died within a few minutes. His neck had been broken.

—The appointment of Bishop Katzer to be archbishop of the Milwaukee diocese was a great disappointment to the English-speaking Catholics, but none of them is willing to go on record in the matter. We cannot afford to say anything, declared a priest. "Something else was expected, but the result was different we must bow to the sacred college."

—Jens Nilson, who was killed in a Mariette machine shop, was a few years ago one of the prominent politicians of Denmark. He engaged in debate with the most eminent Danish statesmen. At the time of his death Nilson had been working on some mechanical invention he intended to exhibit at the World's fair.



## THE CAMP FIRE.

SOME INCIDENTS AND REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE REBELLION.

Near Atlanta—A Soldier's Experience—A Narrow Escape—The Horrible Cost of War—Other Items.

### The Gray and Blue.

[A quarter of a mile southeast from the crest of Missionary Ridge, a little apart from the scene of the fiercest conflict, under a clump of laurels, at the close of that memorable battle were found two soldiers dead, one in gray and one in blue. They were fine specimens of young manhood, lying there with smiles on their faces "as calm as to a night's repose," with their hands clasped as in a last fraternal greeting. There they were buried, side by side, and the pink arbutus blossoms cover their lonely graves in the early days of southern springtime, when the mocking birds sing and lending laurels whisper to each other of that first and last interview on the blood-stained soil.]

I found them sleeping side by side. There on the mountain hoary. One wore the blue—how brave he died!—And on the gray his story. Shone on his boy's life of pride. The holy angel's kissing. The pain of death he had defied. "The roll had named him 'missing,'" He clasped the foe's hand in his. Apart from all the others. Beneath the laurels mock-birds sang; "Rest well, oh, fallen brothers! The sabre's clasp, the battle's hail, Shall wake no more your slumber. No dream of home, nor songs of love, Blend with the battle thunder." It seemed as if the Gray's cauteen, To bless his brother given, Had left his own parched lips unslaved Except by dew of heaven! The Blue's torn shirt had stanch'd the wound—The ghastly and the gory—Of brother Gray the rock around Gave echo to his story. While tender skies look'd down upon With peace of rejoicing. "God's love and brotherhood had won," The very winds were voicing. While all the stars together sang For union yet unbroken, "One brotherhood!" the welkin rang. "One banner for its token!" —F. S. L. Thompson.

### A Narrow Escape.

During the late war, at or near a certain citizen's dwelling, a number of rebel soldiers were preparing to camp. It was well nigh dark ere they called the roll of some prisoners, and as they called the last name it was found that two were absent. Little did they think that at that moment the two prisoners were crouched in a barn close by. They had made an escape which had not been discovered in the dim nightfall. It was in the crisp autumn, and Jack Frost was painting the landscape in silver. Inside the barn were crouched the two prisoners, shivering with cold, and perhaps with dread for the ruthless hand of the enemy. When morning came, one of the prisoners climbed up to a window and gave a desperate leap for liberty. Several feet below was a ledge of rock. The other prisoner rushed out of the door, and around behind the barn, to pick up, as he supposed, the dead body of his only friend in the community. But to his pleasure and astonishment his chum was gone. He had escaped alive. The remaining soldier followed the example of his "pal," and "skipped." He dared not go near the road. Away he bounded until he crouched behind a pile of logs in a field near the road. Soon he heard footsteps. He peered above the fortification, expecting to find a musket looking him in the eye in the hands of a rebel. But it was a large, black dog. He felt relieved. But, alas! the dog seemed to be a rebel, too, for he set up such a loud barking that the poor soldier feared he would be discovered at last. He scolded "Ho-er," and the dog dropped his tail and walked off. Then a report of a gun was heard, and it was found that some of the rebels were firing on the dog. Then the prisoner (?) for the first time thanked his enemies for driving off the dog. After awhile our hero passed on through the fields and forest, and hearing the enemy again, he ran until, as luck would have it, he found a sort of cavern in the ground. Into it he jumped, without thinking how he was going to get out. He scrambled out, however, in some way, and traveled until he found a house. He entered. He asked the lady of the house for some food (for he had not eaten for four days), and the good woman told him she would give him her best, which was some fresh pork. He fell to eating like a prisoner, indeed, and soon the benevolent lady had a coffee-pot full of the amber fluid for him. After dinner the soldier offered to pay her for her kindness, but she refused payment, as the poor creature of the prison had been divested of everything but ten cents. After asking for a pocketful of tobacco, the soldier wended his way toward the river, where he found a canoe, and that night, by the light of the moon, a man might have seen paddling down the Tennessee river. He had made good his escape, and "by the skin of his teeth," but he owed his escape from starvation to a kind woman. The prisoner arrived at his home on the beautiful Tennessee, and returned many thanks to the charitable woman who stayed his hunger. It would be well if some of the noble heroines of the war were pensioned, or if not pensioned, at least remembered and credited. —H. G. Miller.

### Near Atlanta.

On the evening of Aug. 30, 1864, there was a stir in the rebel camp within the fortifications of Atlanta. The rebel Commander-in-Chief had discovered a movement on the part of the Yankees which he deemed very dangerous to the stronghold he was defending, as well as to his personal safety. He hastily summoned his chief lieutenants about him, and after a short consultation, Hardee was moving with his entire corps in the direction of Jonesboro at a rapid gait, followed by S. D. Lee, in command of Hood's old corps.

The immediate cause of this sudden and rapid movement of two entire rebel corps toward Jonesboro was the appearance in that vicinity of one Federal corps (the Fifteenth), which had crossed Flint River and had taken position along a chain of low hills running diagonal to the railroad and within artillery range of Jonesboro. The presence in that vicinity of so strong a body of blue-coats disturbed the old rebel's peace of mind very much.

He gave Hardee command of two corps of the best troops he had, and informed him very impressively that the tenability of Atlanta depended entirely upon his ability, with the aid of the two corps, to drive back this body of federals into the Flint river. And this he was to do at all hazards. On the afternoon of the next day Hardee made an effort to execute the orders of his superior officer by hurrying his entire force upon the lines of the Fifteenth corps, and repeatedly being driven back, finally withdrew within his intrenched lines about Jonesboro. In these series of charges and assaults Hardee lost out of the two corps engaged 1,400 men, while the loss in the Fifteenth corps and Kilpatrick's Cavalry, on the right, was comparatively insignificant. The old rebel's heart sank within him when he became aware of the failure, and he characterized the effort as weak, since the loss was very small in proportion to the numbers engaged—only 1,400 men killed and wounded. On the afternoon of the next day (Sept. 1, 1864), the rebel defenses about Jonesboro were attacked at the angle on the opposite side of the railroad by a portion of the Fourteenth Corps, and carried amid cheering that I can hear yet. These gallant boys of the Fourteenth got in their work in good shape, and on the morning of the next day the rebels had disappeared; Atlanta had been evacuated during the night. At this late day it is almost impossible to remember names and numbers of commands, and without the assistance of memoranda I can but remember such events as happened to come particularly to my notice. If the rebel army at that time had not been able to learn the art of bayonet charging Sherman's boys had, which was fully demonstrated by a brigade of the Fourteenth Corps on the afternoon of Sept. 1, 1864. —Robert Kincaid, 4th Ind't Ohio Battery.

### From Opening to Close.

As yet I have never heard of any one claiming to have been in both the first and the last engagement of the late war.

I believe that the encounter with the rebels at Phillip, W. Va., on the morning of July 3, 1861, was the first land engagement. And the engagement at Whistler Station, in the rear of Mobile, Ala., April 12, 1865, was the last engagement east of the Mississippi.

Comrade Joseph McNelly and I were privates of Co. H, 6th Ind. Inf't., (3 months) and were at Phillip when the rebels left prematurely on that July morning. And McNelly being 1st Lieut. and I Capt. of Co. C, 60th Ind. Vets., we were also in the engagement at Whistler Station, Ala., April 12, 1865, thus being in the first and last engagements. I wish comrades of Co. K or Co. C, 60th Ind., would come into the Camp Fire circle. —Capt. J. H. Johnson, 6th, 50th and 52d Ind.

### A Rebel Still.

This story of Gen. Jubal A. Early was recently told to a Pittsburgh reporter by a railway passenger: "Not long ago the ex-Confederate commander had occasion to make a trip through a certain portion of the South, and boarded a sleeping-car without a berth ticket. When the conductor called for his fare, Gen. Early tendered him a \$10-note. Among the return change was a \$5-note upon which was engraved a portrait of Gen. Grant. The Southern general scanned the note, and with considerable passion said: "Take this note back, sir; I will accept no money bearing the face of that man." The conductor hastened to make the exchange demanded, and the irate warrior's temper was mollified.

### Care For Insane Soldiers.

If there is any class of soldiers deserving of special care, it is the incurable insane. They should not be left in the county poor-houses of the land, nor in the state insane asylums; but the United States government should take charge of them, and care for them in a proper manner. I would like to see someone take action in this matter. —Lott, 146th Ind.

### Her Reason.

Mr. Blossom—"I don't think you are doing right in forbidding Nelly to receive gentleman callers. Why did you do it?"

Mrs. Blossom—"I do not desire the child to ever marry."

Mr. Blossom—"You seem to forget that you were young once, that you received gentleman callers and that you married."

Mrs. Blossom—"Indeed, I don't, Mr. Blossom, and what is more, I don't intend to have Nelly make a fool of herself by her mother's side."

### Full of Enterprise.

"A boy with a mowing machine called at a house the other day, and asked the woman if she wanted grass cut."

"Mercy, no!" she replied. "No one cuts grass at this season."

"I'll contract for next spring," continued the boy.

"But—I may be dead by that time."

"Then I'll contract to see that your grave is kept green!"

## SOME FAMOUS RIDDLES.

CURIOUS VERSES OF THE LONG AGO TIME.

King Solomon Himself was One of the Earliest and Most Successful Riddle Makers—Here is a Collection of the Most Famous of All the Riddles.

In all ages of the world riddles have provided amusement for the ingenious, the wise and the witty.

They are found in all languages and have been a source of diversion to all classes of people, from the grave philosopher in his study to the merry clown in the circus, while anciently the guesser of riddles was supposed to be gifted. And while this play upon words is a sort of witty pastime with us, the riddle once held a far higher place. After inventing it, men began to make it into a kind of game. Bets were made on the answer and sides chosen, each side backing its champion, and it is related that King Solomon once won a large sum of money for his superior wit in guessing riddles.

The oldest riddle on record, with which no doubt everyone is familiar, may be found in the book of Judges, chapter 14, verses 14-18.

The riddle propounded by the fabled Sphinx to the people of Thebes is probably the most celebrated in the long list of philosophical riddles, the solution of which won for Ædipus (son of Laïus, king of Thebes) a kingdom:

"What is that which goes on four legs in the morning, two in the day-time, and in the evening on three?"

The answer is Man, who creeps in infancy, walks erect in maturity, and in old age uses a staff.

The Germans ask, "What can go in the face of the sun and yet leave no shadow?" Answer, the wind.

The African puts it in this way: "What flies forever and never rests?" and the Persian says, "What is wingless and legless, yet flies fast, and is never imprisoned?"

Cleobulus, one of the "Seven Wise Men of Greece," was a famous riddle maker, his riddle of the year being an example of his skill in that line: "There is a father with twice six sons. These sons have thirty daughters apiece, part-colored, having one cheek white and the other black, who never see each other's face, or live above twenty-four hours." Answer—"The year, months and days."

This is not very witty, but what medieval enigma is?

The riddle was much cultivated in the middle ages. An old book entitled "Demands Joyous," but which we should term "amusing questions," was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, the second expert printer, in 1511. From this book, of which there is said to be but one copy extant, we cull a few "Demands."

"Who were the persons who once made all, sold all, bought all and lost all?" Answer—"A smith made an awl and sold it to a shoemaker, who lost it."

"What is the worst bestowed charity that we can give?" Answer—"Alms to a blind man, for he would be glad to see the person hanged who gave it to him."

"What is that that never freezes?" Answer—"Boiling water."

"What man goeth his living backward?" Answer—"The ropemaker."

The Reformation put a stop to riddle-making for awhile, but in the seventeenth century it revived again, and in France it soon rivaled in popularity the chanson and madrigal.

A riddle ascribed to Canning, where, by the addition of a letter, the word "cares" is changed into one of the sweetest words in the English language, is very fine. It runs as follows:

"A word there is of plural number, For to ease and tranquility slumber, Any other word you take, And add an 's' twill plural make. But if you add an 's' to this, So strange the metamorphosis, Plural is plural no more And sweet what bitter was before."

Could we imagine the statesman Charles James Fox indulging in riddle-making? Yet here is one of which he is the author, and which has long been in "Mother Goose's" rhymes:

"Formed long ago, yet made to-day, Employed while others sleep— What none would like to give away, And none would like to keep."

You arose from the answer this morning!

And Letitia Barbauld! Fancy her sitting down gravely to propound enigmas. She did, however, and very cleverly, too, as seen by the following, on a river:

"I always murmur, yet I never weep, I always lie in bed, but never sleep, My mouth is wide and larger than my head And much discharges, though 'tis never fed."

I have no legs or feet, yet swiftly run, And the more falls I get, move faster on." Mark Lemon, an English humorist, and former editor of Punch, was fond of making charades which were both bright and witty, as witness this "barrow":

"Old Charlie Brown, who a big rogue was reckoned, Was brought up at my first, for making my second, He was fined, and because he no money could pay, Had to work with my wheel on the Queen's highway."

A search through old letters has often revealed many a curious riddle. Evidently the writers thought it added zest to their letters to puzzle the recipients.

Among the correspondence of the

Rev. John Newton, an English divine, was found a letter from Cowper, the poet, bearing date July 30, 1780. The contents show that—

"A little nonsense now and then Is relished by the best of men." "I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold, And the parent of numbers that can not be told; I am lawful, unlawful, a duty, a fault; I am often sold dear—good for nothing when bought; An extraordinary boon and a matter-of-course, And yielded with pleasure when taken by force."

"Tis a kiss, Horace Walpole, in a letter to Lady Ossory, writes: 'I send you a very old riddle, but if you never saw it you will like it and reverse the riddle maker, which was one Sir Isaac Newton, a star-gazer and conjurer:—

"Four people sat down to a table to play; They played all that night, and parted next day. Could you think when you're told that as they all sat No other played with them, nor was there a bet!

Yet when they rose up each was winner one guinea, Tho' none of them lost the amount of a penny."

Walpole could not guess it, but Lady Ossory did, and sent him this answer: "Four merry fiddlers played all night To many a dancing man, And the next morning went away, And each received a guinea."

It is not altogether in old manuscripts and letters that one finds quaint and curious things, though I imagine the fireplace would be the last place one would think of looking for riddles, but over the mantelpiece of an old, old inn in Lincolnshire, England, may be found this droll quiz:

"A man without eyes saw plums on a tree. Neither took plums or left plums. Pray how can that be?"

The answer just below is of later date than the original, as shown by the wording: "The man hadn't eyes, but he had just one eye. With which on the tree two plums he could spy; He neither took plums, nor plums did he leave, But took one and left one, as we may conclude."

### MITES OF MIRTH.

"The winter," saith the goose, With sadness in her tone, "Will be both long and cold; I feel it in my bone."

Of many a self-made man we know There can be little doubt In some respects he'd be improved Had he given the contract out.

A biblical weapon—The Ax of the apostles.—Boston Herald.

There's a big difference between the soldier vote and the sold your vote.—Danville Brezo.

Patt's notes seem to be wearing a little. Prices, however, remain firm.—Baltimore American.

The debt of nature is one that a man is doomed to death for before he settles.—Birmingham Leader.

You can generally get a point on insect life by making yourself familiar with the bee.—Texas Sittings.

He was running to catch a train. "What time is it?" he asked. "Standard or town time?" "Railroad time, you fool!"—Jewellers' Circular.

When a man goes upstairs late at night and skips every other stair in an endeavor to keep quiet he always seems to skip the steps that don't creak.—Elmira Telegram.

Uncle George, who was full of brusquerie and humor, was delegated to give the bride away. So he stood up before the vast congregation and announced her age as thirty-two.—Binghamton Leader.

Chipp—"Peculiar thing about this watch; every time I get short of money it stops." Chapp—"Remarkable!" Chipp—"Yes, it stops at Simpson's." Chapp—"It's a sort of stop watch."—Jewellers' Circular.

Cumso—"My dear, what do you think of those 'dollar dinners for four' that the family journals make such a spread of?" Mrs. Cumso—"I think it might be possible to get one up for four dollars."—Harper's Bazar.

Her mother (who has called the day after the wedding)—"What a nice rice pudding, my dear. Where did you get such splendid rice?" The bride—"Tom shook it out of his coat when he got home last night, ma."—Boston Traveller.

Occoanut Factor.

A good deal has lately been heard of a new manufactured product of the cocoanut, and by some has been assumed to be a substitute for butter, or an adulterant of the dairy produce, says the Newcastle Chronicle. It is not a butter in any sense of the term, and its peculiar flavor and color precludes it being used as an adulterant. It really is nothing more or less than a vegetable lard, but having been recently largely employed by pastry cooks, has come to be spoken of as butter. It was first produced by some chemists at Mannheim in Germany, where, after incurring the charges on the importation of the bulky raw material from the east, it can be made at half the cost of butter.

Never, Never Did It.

An advertisement has been running in a Bristol, England, paper, for the last year, offering \$50 reward for any well authenticated case of a child being carried away by an eagle, no matter in what country. No eagle ever did it. The many alleged instances must go to join William Tell.

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## Posted Postals.

Oh, the garden of girls now it fairly runs over  
With blossoms, with violets, lilies, and  
With its Hyacinths, Mignonettes, Fuchsias,  
And Myrtles, and Pansies, and all sorts of  
Postals.

And I'm fain to confess—there's no use deny-  
ing—  
Plain facts—that these sweet-sounding flower  
names are pretty:  
Yes, in face of the future, I can not help view-  
ing  
The girls they're tucked onto with something  
like pity.

Though I love the dear Daisies I never behold  
one—  
In the flesh—without fear as I think how  
Time passes:  
For their fresh, fair young faces but conjure  
up visions  
Of garulous, gray-headed Daisies with  
glasses.

You may say—yonder shrinking, shy, azure-  
eared beauty  
Bears the right to her name, "neath those  
long, drooping lashes:  
But the thought of a Violet, fair, fat, and forth,  
And a yart round the waist, through my  
scented fancy flashes.

There's that pretty, poetic young person just  
passing:  
To say that she is properly named now is  
easy:  
For today she's 16. But, oh, can you imagine  
A Pansy that's palid, asthmatic, and  
whizzer?

And, the fair as her namesake, as white and  
as stateful,  
The light of that other young creature, it  
touches  
Me almost to tears, as I picture a Lily  
Grown fantastically and faded, and going on  
crutches!

Oh, what's more like a Rose than a young girl  
just budding:  
To whom should I prattle, tho', would it e'er  
strike one  
That a shriveled and shrunken old woman of  
eighty  
Or ninety was—honest, now!—very much  
like one?

Then, the new she's a soft little rosy pink  
blossom:  
Fond parents, bethink you, when naming the  
baby,  
How the name you like best would suit some-  
body's grandma:  
Since—if it's a girl—should be just what  
she may be!

—M. N. B. in Boston Globe.

## A THREE-SIDED STORY.

Extract from the Diary of Algernon  
Stokes.

I have found her! The maiden of  
my dreams—the fair, sweet girl of my  
soul! The poetic, tender embodiment  
of my heart's aspirations! I have writ-  
ten three sonnets, two madrigals, and  
a poem since midnight, all addressed  
to Marjorie! Marjorie! What tender  
visions arise at the name! Let me re-  
cord the happy event!

The utter abomination, Tom Grey,  
came into my studio yesterday after-  
noon in his usual blustering, vulgar  
way, and with the voice of a huckster  
calling "Watermelons!" shouted:  
"Hallo, Dick!"

I suppose I have told Tom Grey  
1,000 times that I have had my name  
changed to "Algernon" by act of the  
legislature, but the brute persists in  
calling me "Dick," because, when we  
went to school together, my name was  
"Richard." The "Stokes" I can not  
drop, as my uncle Bob left me his for-  
time on condition that I did not drop  
the family name in what he called my  
"unfounded nonsense." Uncle Rob-  
ert had no poetry in his entire com-  
position.

But I wander from my subject. Tom  
Grey rushed into my studio, shrieking:  
"Hallo, Dick!"

I was deeply absorbed in the shadows  
of my group of "Lilies of the Lake,"  
and although my sensitive nerves  
quivered under that horrible voice as  
if I had received a blow, I painted on  
without answer.

But a staggering blow upon my  
shoulder, almost paralyzing my right  
arm, compelled me to look up.  
"Come!" shouted my friend (?)

Tom never speaks—he always  
shouts.  
"Come! I want you to go to the  
fair with me."  
"What fair?" I asked. "I never go  
to fairs!"

"But you must go to this one! Tip-  
top! Lots of fun!"

"I despise fun! I abominate girls!"

"Oh, bosh! Come along! Stop  
whistling those old snarls in a  
public and come!"

"Will you leave me in peace?" I  
cried, desperately.

"No! I am going to sit right here  
until you take off that velvet monkey-  
jacket and put on a presentable coat  
to go with me. If I were you, Dick,  
I would give that coat to an organ-  
grinder."

I only looked my scorn! That coat,  
made upon the strictest rules of art,  
was one of my triumphs over the com-  
monplace. I hoped the day would come  
when I could wear it in the street, with  
Venetian ruffles of lace at the wrists.  
But Tom was not to be daunted by  
a look, and finding I should have no  
rest until I complied with his request,  
I reluctantly left my work.

Under his ridicule I dared not as-  
sume my full aesthetic costume; but I  
ventured upon my ruffled shirt-front,  
my loosely knotted tie, and low Byron  
collar. To my surprise he made no  
comment, and even pinned in my but-  
ton-hole a bouquet of valley lilies with  
his own clumsy fingers.

But I forgave Tom all past sins  
when, after walking about in a great  
hall filled with fancy fair-tables, he  
said with a start:  
"Why, there is my cousin Marjorie!"

I followed the direction of his eyes.  
Can I calmly write down a description  
of that vision? Marjorie! Locks of  
gold, half-curling, floating down from  
fillets of classic shape that confined  
them above the ivory brow, but suf-  
fered their luxuriance to fall unre-  
strained far below the slender waist.  
A robe of pale-blue cashmere, confined  
at the shoulders by cameos, fell in  
long, loose folds to form a sweeping  
train that gave majesty to the perfect  
form. Lilies were brodered on the  
edge, lilies rested upon the bosom.  
Bands of gold upon the white arms  
were the only ornaments Marjorie  
wore.

It was disgustingly conventional to  
be introduced to "my cousin, Miss  
Grey," and to bow in society form,  
when I was longing to throw myself at  
her feet and devote my life to her ser-  
vice. Could I have drawn a sword  
and vowed to be her faithful knight  
till death, it would have been some re-  
lief. But, alas! I could only bow and  
murmur something about my pleasure  
in meeting my dear friend's cousin.  
Tom grinned like an ass. But Mar-

jorie recognized a kindred soul. She  
clasped her hands and spoke in low,  
sweet words, her delight in meeting  
the author of "The Faded Jessamine."  
Our souls met and mingled. She  
quoted lines from my "Drooping  
Daisies," and blushing confessed to  
having all my poems collected in an  
album. She had seen my "Maiden by  
Moonlight" at the picture dealer's, and  
the one dream of her life was one  
day to possess a gem from my pen-  
cil. Tom had said enough to leave us,  
and we talked of art, of poetry, of  
music, and of flowers.

Then she showed me a tiny vase, an  
antique gem that had been donated to  
the fair by a famous collector. She  
told me the agony she had suffered  
lest this priceless treasure should fall  
into unappreciative hands. She im-  
plored me to add it to my store of  
gems, and I drew a check for the  
amount with ecstasy. It stands before  
me now, my inspiration, until I once  
more gaze into the soulful eyes of Mar-  
jorie! Another sonnet presses upon  
my brain. I write to the sunny locks  
of the maiden, Marjorie.

MAG'S LETTER.

Dear Sue: It was too bad, alto-  
gether too bad, that you could not be  
at our fair last evening. Tom had an  
idea. You would hardly believe that  
of Tom, would you? His idea was to  
have a "high art" table, covered with  
plaques, tiles, statuettes, and old-fash-  
ioned bric-a-brac. I was to take  
charge of it, in an aesthetic dress. We  
are not quite educated up to high art  
in Downingville yet, but Tom and I  
went up to Aunt Mary's in New York  
and "studied up."

I wish you could see my dress! Pale  
blue, with a broad border of need-  
lework flowers—like those the "twenty  
maidens" wear in "Patience." They  
may laugh at it as much as they please,  
but those dresses were simply lovely.  
Mine was a success. I never dreamed  
I was half so good-looking. You know  
my hair is very long and thick, and I  
let it fall loosely waved, with gold  
bands on the head. My shoulders and  
arms were bare, and the dress fell  
from a band across the shoulders, un-  
confined at the waist.

But Tom's idea was not solely con-  
cerned upon me or the table. You have  
heard often enough of his great chum  
and friend, Dick Stokes, who considers  
himself a poet-painter, and, Tom says,  
has "gone to soul" for lack of brains.  
Tom, between ourselves is half jealous  
of him, for he is very handsome, and  
the girls rave about him. I had never  
seen him, and Tom brought me a lot  
of newspapers with his poems in them,  
and took me to see the picture he had  
painted, exhibited in a store on Broad-  
way. Tom says the Academy would  
not have it.

I was pledged to captivate Mr.  
Stokes, and O Sue! Didn't I roll up  
my eyes? Didn't I "attune" my voice  
to its most melodious accents? Didn't  
I quote the horrible trash I had com-  
mitted to memory for the purpose, with  
such emphasis that I fairly pounced  
upon the telling words? Didn't I make  
an idiot of myself all around, as Tom  
says?

It was great fun, but the best of it  
was that I actually made Tom believe  
that in playing with edged tools I had  
been wounded. All the way home  
from the fair I raved about Algernon's  
beautiful eyes—true poet's eyes! I  
quoted his remarks. I expressed a de-  
sire to see the last exquisite produc-  
tion of his gifted pencil.

Sue, Tom was not green with jeal-  
ousy, but purple. I thought he would  
have a fit on the porch! And so—well,  
no matter about that! It was all right  
when he left me.

But to-day's mail brought me a proof  
of my conquest—a poem—not one, but  
half a dozen—to my eyes, to my hair,  
to my smile! Never, never would I  
have believed such fearful stuff could  
have been written with such rapidity,  
but for the proof before me. Fancy  
some twenty effusions such as this:

"Soulful, doleful, myrtle maiden,  
With thy fair hair gleaming golden,  
Maid of beauty, maid of song,  
Leave the uncongenial throng:  
Priestess of a poet's bow,  
Goddess of an artist's dream,  
Hear to listen to my lyre,  
Deign my poem to inspire:  
Furnish my soul to ecstasy,  
Doleful, soulful Marjorie!"

I was "Marjorie" for that evening, and  
I can not deny that I was doleful. But  
—did you ever?

The fair was a great success, and I  
have carefully packed my lovely, lovely  
dress for some future occasion. Mr.  
Stokes has asked permission to call.  
Come and make me a long visit, Sue,  
and you may wear my blue cashmere  
and try to captivate him.

His name is Algernon Stokes, and Tom  
left him a handsome fortune, and Tom  
says he is a first-rate fellow, but he  
does not like an idiot just now. At  
any rate, you can have a bushel or two  
of sonnets written to your eyebrows,  
for you are fifty times prettier than I  
am, and in that blue cashmere you  
would captivate a heart of stone. I  
know it all! Come and try! Lovingly,  
Mag.

TOM'S SIDE.

Mag wants me to tell my side of the  
swindle we played on poor Stokes.  
Dick's a good fellow, with too much  
money. If Dick had to work he'd not  
run off into fal-lals.

Mag and I wanted to tease him, so  
Mag made herself bewitching—and oh!  
how bewitching she was! I intro-  
duced Dick, and Dick fell in love on  
the spot, head over heels, heels over  
head. But I didn't calculate upon be-  
ing posterized to take Dick to call on  
Maggie, and I—well, I didn't want  
him hanging around her. Dick's a  
superbly handsome fellow, and some-  
how, though I say it, my cousin, he  
looks like a fool in the artistic(?) dress  
he wears, he looks like a poet and an  
artist.

Mag said I was very rude not to  
bring him, and declared he filled her  
ideal of manly beauty to a dot. Be-  
tween them they badgered me so that  
at last I sat an evening and Mag prom-  
ised to be at home.

Mag says I am jealous, and perhaps  
I am, but I confess to a desire to choke  
Dick when I went to his room to ac-  
company him to my aunt's house. Such  
a get-up! I can't describe the dress in  
the aesthetic jargon, but I was not too  
blind to see that Dick was simply  
stunning. Then I imagined Mag in  
that "bewitching" costume—rolling  
her eyes at him, quoting his doggerel,  
raving about his dabs—and working  
myself up to a savage frenzy by the  
time I rang the door-bell.

The plan was crashing under heavy,  
horrible banging, and Mag was sing-  
ing—no screaming—a comic song—in  
the voice of a fisherwoman. I never  
imagined that Mag could make such  
ear-splitting yells.

We went in. Was that—could that  
be Mag at the piano, I asked myself.  
Her hair was frizzled and banged and  
up to an outrageous height. Her dress  
was of pea-green silk, short, trimmed,  
fringed, bugled, and made in the latest  
fashion. A scarlet bow at the throat,  
blue ribbons at the hair, and a yellow  
belt completed the bewildering rain-  
bow. I could have fallen at Mag's  
feet to tell her how I admired her line  
of strategy.

"Why, how d'ye do?" she cried.  
"I'm awful glad to see you! Sit down,  
do! My! wasn't it awful at that fair,  
Mr. Stokes? You said I was to do the  
what-d'ye-call-it—esthetic girl, and  
oh, my gracious, what up-hill work it  
was. You don't catch me in that  
scrappo again!"

Dick fairly gasped, but Dick is a  
gentleman, and with a fine courtesy  
that belongs to him made himself  
agreeable, though I am sure he was  
groaning in spirit.

But he gave way when he saw upon  
the center-table a half-dozen vases that  
were left over from the fair. Mag saw  
his eyes resting upon them and laugh-  
ed heartily.

"The last of the fair relics," she  
said.

"But," Dick said, reproachfully,  
"you told me—"

"I told you they were antique,  
unique—priceless gems, or one was!  
But you see they were manufactured  
by the dozen for the fair! Any little  
fiction is permitted at a fair-table."

But when we returned to Dick's  
room he hurled his priceless, antique  
vase through the window, with two  
words not admitted to polite society.

Still, Dick's wedding-present to Mag  
a month later is one of the greatest or-  
naments of our house—Anna Shields  
in N. Y. Ledger.

## A ROYAL PHILANTHROPIST.

The Crown Prince of Austria's Charities  
—The Sorrow of His Life.

It is, perhaps, not generally known  
that the Crown Prince of Austria is  
one of the greatest philanthropists of  
the age. During the life of the late  
Crown Prince Rudolf he was a per-  
centage of very little importance even  
in his own country. His immense wealth,  
however, gave him a certain social  
prestige, whilst his refined taste and  
general culture rendered him an  
authority upon literature and art.

As time passed he began to realize  
that he could better organize his work  
in the capital than elsewhere. He  
therefore established himself in Vienna,  
where he soon began to be regarded as  
a general benefactor. He at once took  
the lead in every movement for im-  
proving the condition of the working  
classes. His energy was turned chiefly  
in the direction of establishing tech-  
nical schools and hospitals. He also  
contributed largely to all existing  
charities.

Perhaps the unhappiness of his life  
has had much to do with the softening  
of his character. He has had more  
than his fair share of sorrow. When  
in 1853 he was appointed Viceroy of  
Tyrol and brought with him his bride,  
a Saxon Princess, the Tyrolean popula-  
tion united in giving them a welcome  
such as no sovereign had received  
there for centuries.

Within a year his young bride—a  
girl of seventeen—died sud-  
denly. The morning the young  
Archduchess was seemingly in perfect  
health; before midnight she had passed  
away. So passionately attached to his  
young wife was he that when she died  
he was so overcome that he could not  
grieve should effect his reason.

Sorrow has undoubtedly left its mark  
upon the man. He is now 57 years of  
age, but looks much older, owing  
mainly to the expression of sadness  
which, it is said, never leaves his face.  
In 1862, at the urgent entreaty of  
the Emperor, he married a second time.  
His bride was the Princess Anna, of  
Naples, who also died, leaving him  
two sons and a daughter.

## Anecdotes of the Prince Imperial.

There are many pleasant incidents  
to be told of the Prince Imperial. The  
boy, who was married to him cer-  
tainly did not appear on the surface.  
He and a boy companion would lie  
hours upon their backs, under the huge  
trees of the park, and shoot with ar-  
rows at the birds that lighted on their  
branches; or they raced over the wide  
meadows of the estate, surrounded by  
a pack of dogs; or the dogs were forced  
to jump and exercise at the caprice of  
their young masters.

About the unfortunate boy's horse-  
manship we have all heard time and  
again. It is sometimes said that his  
very perfection caused his death, as he  
would not mount until every appendage  
of his saddle was placed in exact po-  
sition. It is probable now, however,  
that no more details will ever be added  
to those already given of his last strug-  
gle.

When at Chislehurst, the Prince  
delighted to throw himself upon a  
barbacked horse and gallop round  
and round a field. Sometimes the  
park was chosen for these escapades,  
and any friend or lady of the house-  
hold who happened to be near was  
chased round and about through the  
mazes of the wood.

His room at Camden Place faced the  
Common's sea of gorse, and was a  
small, plainly furnished apartment,  
lighted by two ordinary windows.  
We looked from one of these at the  
view that must have been so familiar  
to him; on his white Venetian shutter  
was written in pencil in a cramped,  
French schoolboy hand, "Louis Napo-  
leon, April 24, 1874." There is now on  
the Common, nearly in front of the  
window, a stone shaft erected by the  
citizens of Chislehurst to his memory.

This monument is a copy, though of  
lighter build, of that erected by the  
Queen over the spot of his death in  
Zetland. The tall column, capped  
by a cruciform cross, can be seen from  
every approach to the Common. On  
it is engraved, between two Napoleonic  
boes:

NAPOLEON  
EUGENE LOUIS JEAN JOSEPH  
PRINCE IMPERIAL  
KILLED BY A FALL FROM HIS HORSE  
JAN. 20, 1879.  
Harper's Bazar.

## BEHIND AND BEFORE.

TALMAGE'S NEW YEAR'S SERMON  
A GLANCE IN BOTH DIRECTIONS.

Christians Called Upon to Glrd on  
Their Armor and Begin a Vigor-  
ous Onslaught Against Sin and  
Satan.—Why the World is Not Now  
Christianized.—An Earnest Appeal  
for Prayer.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 4.—Dr. Tal-  
mage's New Year's sermon is a ringing  
battle-cry to ministers and Christians  
everywhere, calling upon them to join in  
a combined charge on the entrenchments  
of sin and Satan. It made a deep im-  
pression on the vast crowds who heard it  
in this city this morning and at the service  
in New York tonight. The enthusiasm at  
the latter service was increased by the  
effective aid rendered by a large volunteer  
choir which has been organized from the  
audiences, who sang with a volume and  
fervor seldom equalled. After the singing  
of the hymn commencing,

Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove  
With all thy quickening powers,—  
Dr. Talmage preached the following ser-  
mon from the text, Luke 24: 49: "Tarry  
ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be  
endued with power from on high."

For a few months, in the providence of  
God, I have two pulpits, one in Brooklyn  
and the other in New York, and through  
the kindness of the printing press an ever-  
widening opportunity. To all such hearers  
and readers I come with an especial mes-  
sage. The time has arrived for a forward  
movement such as the church and the  
world have never seen. There is need  
for such a religious movement, is evident  
from the fact that never since our world  
was rolled out among the planets has there  
been such an organized and determined  
effort to overthrow righteousness and make  
the Ten Commandments obsolete and the  
whole Bible a derision. Meanwhile alcoh-  
olism is taking down its victims by the  
hundreds of thousands, and the political  
parties get down on their knees, practically  
saying: "O thou almighty Rum Jugg, we  
bow down before thee. Give us the office,  
city, state, and national. Oh, give us the  
office, and we will worship thee for ever  
and ever, Amen." The Christian Sabbath  
meanwhile, appointed for physical, mental  
and spiritual rest, is being secularized and  
abolished. As if the bad publishing houses  
of our own country had exhausted their  
literary filth, the French and Russian sev-  
ers have been invited to pour their sec-  
ularity and immorality into the trough  
where our American swine are now wallow-  
ing. Meanwhile, there are conch  
houses of infamy in all our cities, open and  
unmolested of the law, to invoke the Om-  
nipotent wrath which buried Sodom under  
a deluge of brimstone. The pandemoniac  
world, I think, has massed its troops and  
they are this moment plying their batteries  
upon family circles, church circles, social  
circles, political circles and national circles.  
Apollyon is in the saddle, and riding at  
the head of his myrmidons would capture this  
world for darkness and we.

This is one side of the conflict now rag-  
ing. On the other side we have the most  
magnificent Gospel machinery that the  
world ever saw or heaven ever invented.  
In the first place, in this country more than  
eighty thousand ministers of religion and  
take them as a class, more consecrated,  
holier, more consistent, more self-denying,  
more faithful men never lived. I know  
them by the thousands. I have met them  
in every city. I am told, not by them, but  
by people outside our profession, people  
engaged in Christian and reformatory  
work, that the clergy of America are at  
the head of all good enterprises and, wher-  
ever else fall, they may be depended on.  
The truth of this is demonstrated by the  
fact that when a minister of religion does  
fall, it is so exceptional that the news-  
papers report it as something startling,  
while a hundred men in other callings may  
go down without the matter being consid-  
ered as especially worth mentioning. In  
addition to their equipment in moral char-  
acter, the clergy of this country have all  
that the schools can give. All archæolo-  
gical, rhetorical, scientific, scholastic,  
literary attainment. So much for the  
Christian ministry of all denominations.

In the next place on our side of the conflict  
we have the grandest churches of all time  
and higher style of membership, and more  
of them than a host, without number, of  
splendid men and women who are doing  
their best to have this world purified,  
elevated, glorified. But we all feel  
that something is wanting. Enough  
hearty songs have been sung and enough  
earnest sermons preached within the last  
six months to save all the cities of America  
and saving the cities you save the world,  
for they overflow all the land either with  
their religion or their infamy.

That is one side of the startling facts.  
It is nearly nineteen hundred years since  
Jesus Christ came by the way of Bethlehem  
caravansary to save this world, yet the  
most of the world has been no more touched  
by this most stupendous fact of all eternity  
than if on the first Christmas night the  
beasts of the stall, amid the bleatings of  
their own young, had not heard the bleat-  
ing of the Lamb that was to be slain. Out  
of the eighteen hundred million in the  
world, four hundred million are in the  
without God and without hope in the world.  
The camel-driver of Arabia, Mahomet, with  
his nine wives, having half as many disci-  
ples as our blessed Christ; and more people  
are worshipping chunks of painted wood and  
carved stone than are worshipping the liv-  
ing and eternal God. Meanwhile, the most  
of us who are engaged in Christian work—  
I speak for myself as well as others—are  
looking up to our full capacity of body,  
mind and soul, harnessing up to the last  
buckle, not able to draw a pound more  
than we are lifting.

What is the matter? My text lets out  
the secret. We all need more of the power  
from on high. Not muscular power, not  
logical power, not scientific power, not  
social power, not financial power, not  
brain power, but power from on high.  
With it we could accomplish more in one  
week than without it in a hundred years.  
And I am going to get it, if I can answer to  
prayer, earnest and long continued, God  
will grant it me, his unworthy servant.  
Men and women who know how to pray,  
when you pray for yourself, pray for me  
that I may be endued with power from on  
high. I would rather have it than all the  
diamond fields of Golconda, and all the  
pearls of the sea, and all the gold of the  
mountains. Many of the mightiest intel-  
lects never had a touch of it, and many of  
the less than ordinary intellects have been  
enriched with it. And every man and  
woman on earth has a right to aspire to it,  
a right to pray for it, and, properly per-  
sistent, will obtain it. Power from the

level is a good thing, such power as I may  
give you, or you may give me, by encour-  
aging words and actions. Power from the  
level when we stand by each other in any  
Christian undertaking. Power from the  
level when other pupils are in accord  
with ours. Power from the level when the  
religious and secular press forward our  
Christian undertakings. But power from  
on the level is not sufficient. Power from  
on high is what we need to take possession  
of us. Power straight from God. Super-  
natural power, Omnipotent power, all-con-  
quering power. Not more than one out of  
a thousand of the ministers have it contin-  
uously. Not more than one out of ten  
thousand Christians have it all the time.  
Given in abundance these last ten years of  
the nineteenth century would accomplish  
more for God and the church and the world  
than the previous 90 years of this century.

As the power from on high in 1857 was  
more remarkable in academies of music,  
and lyceum halls, and theatres than in  
churches, why not this winter of 1891 in  
these two academies of music, places of  
secular entertainment where we are during  
the rebuilding of our Brooklyn tabernacle,  
so grandly and graciously treated by the  
owners and lessors and lessees; why not  
expect, and why not have the power from  
on high, comforting power, arousing power,  
convicting power, converting power, sav-  
ing power, omnipotent power? My opinion  
is that in this cluster of cities by the Atlan-  
tic coast there are 500,000 people ready to  
accept the Gospel call, if, freed from all  
the conventionalities of the church, it were  
earnestly and with strong faith presented  
to them. In these brilliant assemblies  
there are hundreds who are not frequenters  
of churches, and who do not believe much,  
if at all, in ministers of religion or ecclesi-  
astical organizations. But God knows you  
have struggles in which you need help and  
blessings in which you want solace,  
and persecutions in which you ought to  
have defence, and perplexities in which you  
need guidance, and with a profound  
thoughtfulness, you stand by the grave of  
the old year and the cradle of the young  
year, wondering where you will be, and  
what you will be when "rolling years shall  
cease to move." Power from on high de-  
scend upon them! Men of New York and  
Brooklyn, I offer you God and heaven!

From the day you came to these cities,  
what a struggle you have had! I can tell  
from your care-worn countenances, and the  
tears in your eyes, and the deep sigh you  
have just breathed that you want reinforc-  
ment, and here it is, greater than Hither,  
when he reinforced Wellington; greater  
than the Bank of England, when last  
month it reinforced the Harbinger; namely,  
the God who through Jesus Christ is ready  
to pardon all your sin, comfort all your  
sorrows, scatter all your doubts, and swing  
all the shining gates of heaven wide open  
before your exultant spirit. Come into  
the Kingdom of God! Without a half sec-  
ond of delay, come in!

At the first communion after the dedica-  
tion of our former church three hundred  
and twenty-eight souls stood up in the  
aisles and publicly espoused the cause of  
Christ. At another time four hundred  
souls; at another time five hundred; and  
our four thousand five hundred membership  
were but a small part of those who within  
those sacred walls took upon them the yoke  
of the Christian. What turned them?  
What saved them? Power from the level?

No, Power from on high.

The history of unanswered prayers for  
you God only knows. They may have  
been offered in the solemn birth-hour.  
They may have been offered when you  
were down with scarlet fever or diphtheria  
or membranous croup. They may have  
been offered some night when you were  
sound asleep in the trunk bed, and your  
mother came in to see that you were right-  
ly covered in the cold winter night. They  
may have been offered at that time which  
comes at least once in almost every one's  
life, when your father and mother had  
hard work to make a living, and they  
feared that want would come to them and  
you. They may have been offered when  
the lips could no longer move and the eyes  
were closed for the long sleep. O, un-  
answered prayers of father and mother,  
where are you? In what room of the old  
homestead have they hidden? O, un-  
answered prayers, rise in a mist of many  
tears into a cloud and then break in a  
shower which shall soften the heart of that  
man who is so hard that he cannot cry, or  
that woman who is ashamed to pray!

O, armchair of the aged, now empty and in  
the garret among the rubbish, speak out!  
O, staff of the pilgrim who has ended his  
weary journey, tell of the parental anxie-  
ties that bent over thee. O, family Bible  
with story of births and deaths, rustle some  
thy time-worn leaves, and let us know of  
the wrinkled hands that once turned thy  
pages, and explain that spot where a tear  
fell upon the passage: "O, Absalom, my  
son, my son, would God I had died for  
thee!"

Good and gracious God! What will  
become of us if, after having had such a pray-  
er and praying parentage, we never pray  
for ourselves? We will pray. We will  
begin now. Oh, for the power from on  
high, power to move this assemblage,  
power to save Brooklyn and New York,  
power of evangelism that shall sweep  
across this continent like an ocean surge,  
power to girdle the round earth with a red  
girdle dipped in the blood of the cross. If  
this forward movement is to begin at all,  
there must be some place for it to begin,  
and why not this place? And there must  
be some time for it to begin, and why not  
this time? And so I sound for your ears  
a rhythmic invitation, which, until a few  
days ago, never came under my eye, but is  
so sweet, so soothing with pathos, so  
triumphant with joy, that whoever chimed  
it, instead of being anonymous, ought to be  
immortal:

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree:  
Thy stripes, thy due, were laid on me,  
That peace and pardon might be free—  
O, wretched sinner, come!

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be  
blest?  
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;  
I bring relief to hearts oppressed—  
O, weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the cross;  
Count all thy gains but empty dross,  
My grace repays all earthly loss—  
O, needy sinner, come!

Come, bither bring thy boiling fears,  
Thy aching heart, thy burning tears;  
Thy Mercy's voice salutes thine ears;  
O, trembling sinner, come!

Four years ago, Miss Lena Wood,  
living on Thom's Creek Wash-  
ington, saved the seed from one head of bar-  
ley. She harvested the crop with a  
pair of shears and sowed the amount  
received the next year, again harvest-  
ing it with her shears. The third crop  
her father cut with a grass scythe, get-  
ting enough barley from this crop to  
sow forty acres last spring, which  
averaged forty bushels to the acre  
when threshed, making a total yield of  
1,600 bushels from one head of barley  
in four years.

## SAW HIS OWN SHADOW.

And What is More He Took Her Photo-  
graph—A Queer Misunderstanding.

You may smile when I tell you so,  
says a New York letter, but there is a  
man living in a fashionable apartment  
up town who has actually gazed upon his  
widow. I don't mean some one else's  
widow whom people call his, but actually  
his own widow. This favored mortal has  
not only seen his widow, but has pho-  
tographed her. Nay, still more aston-  
ishing, on the back of the photograph  
you may read four obituary notices cut  
from New York papers and pasted  
there by the man himself. Mr. Carl  
H., a prominent art dealer and impor-  
ter of paintings, finds it necessary to  
make several trips west every year to  
visit his rich customers in Chicago,  
Cincinnati and St. Louis. While on  
such a journey last spring a train which  
Mr. H. had come very near taking,  
playfully skipped the track







It would seem that polygamy destined to remain a perpetual blot on the history of America. Every effort made to wipe it out seems to more thoroughly diffuse it. For years this government has legislated against polygamy and like a fire the cargo of a doomed ship, it smothered in one place to burst forth afresh in another. The Mormon seeing that this government is growing daily more and more hostile toward their nefarious habits, has concluded to open up what seems to them a more propitious field for the perpetuation of Mormonism. With this object in view John W. Young

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fellows and the con-  
tempt of friends and  
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